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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Once and Future Energy King

by Stephen Chapman

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TRB

from Washington
June 21, 1980

The Planet-savers

Precisely 60 years after the Senate defeated Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations and paved the way for World War II, I have been watching two modern would-be planet-savers, one of whom has just left official Washington while the other is on his way out. A planet-saver, in my short-hand classification, is a public figure with world vision, an evangelical bent, and a realization of what an endangered species mankind is.

Take a look, for example, at a lovely outdoor scene the other day, with thousands sitting on camp-chairs under the elms at the Harvard commencement listening to recently-resigned secretary of state Cyrus Vance. University ushers wear cutaways and top hats and are evidently picked for manly beauty; the faculty wear medieval robes and floppy hats like doges of Venice, and the graduating class—oh, how artless they look!—wear mortarboards and tassels.

Vance is not a great speaker. But now he gets attention for his earnestness and his theme. He begins five separate paragraphs with the same three words: "Without this treaty." He is telling the big audience, spread out before him as far as Widener Library, of the terrible penalty that may follow if the United States Senate does not approve SALT II. He does not use rhetoric or metaphor or recall the history of the treaty, signed by Carter and Brezhnev in June 1979 and delayed in the Senate till the Russians apparently felt it was dead and launched their Afghan invasion. (They might have launched the invasion anyway.) But what Vance says on a spring day in Cambridge sounds like an echo of an earlier time, before the Senate failed to muster, on March 19, 1920, the necessary two-thirds majority to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. Wilson warned that it would bring another war. And now Vance says, "Without this treaty, the process of arms control might be dealt a blow from which it could not recover. . . . If we fail to act we will some day ask ourselves why we were blinded by considerations of the moment and lost a vital long-term opportunity."

What does he mean? He is referring to that phrase in the Constitution on treaty-making, "provided two-thirds of the Senators concur." They are innocent words. They give 34 members of a Congress of 535 veto power over a treaty negotiated by the Executive. No other legislative chamber in the world, I believe, has such power. It would be odd, wouldn't it, if those eight words produced two world wars?

Presidential candidates Carter and Kennedy favor SALT II and so does John Anderson, who told the *Baltimore Sun* last week that he agrees with Vance's argument at Cambridge. Ronald Reagan opposes the treaty. He told Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* that he doesn't want any halfway disarmament measure with Russia. Why don't they get a "genuine reduction?" he asks. And Karen House in a sprightly interview for the *Wall Street Journal* put Reagan's approach in a nutshell: "Ronald Reagan's view of international affairs is attractively simple: the Soviet Union is the source of all the world's troubles." That should appeal to a lot of voters.

I have another planet-saver in mind besides Vance and he has just announced that before long he, too, will be leaving Washington: Robert McNamara of the World Bank. He enters the conference room briskly, throws off his coat, puts it over a chair, looks around in combat-readiness: a small, taut man with a bulldog face, big-rimmed glasses, a snub nose, hair brushed back—a man in sharp focus running at full throttle. He begins quoting figures almost at once.

McNamara has put his brilliance to work on the largest program of technical and financial assistance to developing countries ever undertaken by a single agency. Many think he does it in expiation. The world was less simple than he thought. He was a whiz-kid who seemed to interpret everything in computers and statistics, not merely as president of the Ford Motor Company (salary and bonuses $500,000), but when he took charge of Jack Kennedy's Pentagon (salary $35,000) and calculated Vietnam battle victories by "body-count." He had everything but wisdom. When Teddy Kennedy drove off the bridge at Chappaquiddick McNamara was one of the family friends who rushed to the Hyannisport compound. There was little he could do. And he supported the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Finally, under Lyndon Johnson, he lost faith in Vietnam, and LBJ got rid of him by naming him to the World Bank. Its formal title is The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, an outgrowth of the Bretton Woods Conference of 1944.

McNamara and Vance are people with world vision, both imploring American action, quietly evangelical. Soviet Russia wouldn't join the capitalistic World Bank. Twelve years ago, when McNamara took over, its financial commitments totaled a billion dollars; now they are $11.5 billion. Some of its undertakings are commercial—dams and irrigation projects financed by regular loans to developing countries. Others are foreign aid to poor countries. McNamara learned that, after nuclear war, the greatest danger to humanity is overpopulation. There are 4.5 billion people on earth including the "absolute poor—a poverty so extreme that it degrades the lives of individuals below the minimum norms of human decency." How many are there? "They constitute 40 percent of the nearly two billion individuals living in the developing countries." Why, that's 800,000,000 people! They are emaciated adults, babies dying of hunger. We bleed for the Cuban refugees but they are aristocrats compared to the "absolute poor." That experience inevitably brought him to birth control. He preached it to students at Notre Dame and to the president of Mexico. It is "an urgent imperative of our era," said this complex and compelling former industrial leader in his 1977 annual report. McNamara will stay one more year at the World Bank, a kind of conscience for the rich nations.

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Correspondence

Escaping utopia

To the editors:

I had to laugh when I read John Womack Jr.'s "explanation" for the exodus of Cuban refugees ("The Revolution Tightens Its Belt," *TNR*, May 31). When thousands of men, women, and children crowd onto open boats and risk their lives at sea to flee their native country, common sense suggests a natural explanation: the country they are leaving is not a desirable place to live.

From the comfort of his office in the Harvard history department, Professor Womack looks down upon the Cuban refugees and brands them as selfish individualists who don't know how good they had it in the worker's paradise. I think the refugees' real crime, in Professor Womack's eyes, is that they have rejected the Truth of Marxism, and that they actually want to live in fascist America. They threaten to discredit Professor Womack's carefully constructed vision of the world, according to which the heroic Cuban people continually strive to build a utopia and combat the sinister plots of the CIA. Unfortunately for Womack, people don't line up by the thousands to escape utopias.

Paul Trow
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To the editors:

John Womack Jr. says that in Cienfuegos, "the biggest, newest store downtown, a bookstore, is fully stocked. It is three or four times the size of the biggest bookstore in our town in Oklahoma." Would Womack tell me what it is well-stocked with—whether the works of critics of Marxism-Leninism are there as well as the writings of the masters themselves? To say simply that it is well-stocked is to say nothing at all.

Stephen Miller
American Enterprise Institute
Washington, DC

To the editors:

Wretched journalism, like bad art, has a perverse attraction. Thus John Womack Jr.'s article on Cuba held me spellbound. Where else could I have read the insouciant admission that Womack and his father spent but six days on the island—four in Havana—and on the rare occasions when they stepped out alone "did not talk much with Cubans," followed by the straight-faced insistence that Cubans have escaped capitalism's twin scourges of cynicism and resignation? Where else could I have read that a professor at one of the most eminent institutions in the country was astonished to discover that Russians are just plain folks who eat, are shy, and—most exciting of all—change money just like us? Where else could I have seen a writer so proudly reveal his father's strange obsession with "goof-offs"? Womack's father was pleased as punch to discover that Cubans "make each other work"—a sinister phrase, but Womack is too busy hero-worshipping everyone in sight to mind.

I think Womack was a bit too modest when listing the Cubans' admirable traits. Besides being trustworthy, loyal, thrifty, brave, and courteous—or perhaps because of it—Cubans also make fine soldiers. In fact, at this very moment they are helping to prop up any number of petty tyrants throughout the world, a wholesome task that includes the crushing of a popular revolution in Eritrea and, as revealed recently in the British press, assisting in a savage policy of depopulation in eastern Ethiopia.

Vincent Carroll
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Adlai and accuracy

To the editors:

What evidence does Nicholas von Hoffman have to support his shocking charge in "The Myth of the Kingmakers" (*TNR*, May 31) that Adlai Stevenson was a "closet anti-Semite"?

R. Kenneth Bussy
Wallingford, Pennsylvania

Nicholas von Hoffman replies:

See *The Education of Carey McWilliams* by Carey McWilliams, and John Bartlow Martin's two-volume biography of Adlai Stevenson.

To the editors:

Nicholas von Hoffman should get all of his facts straight before he attempts to destroy political myths. In "The Myth of the Kingmakers" (*TNR*, May 31) he has Theodore Roosevelt nominated for vice president to run with McKinley in 1896. Garret A. Hobart was nominated that year, Roosevelt in 1900 after he had become the Rough Rider of Spanish American War fame.

Eugene H. Roseboom
Columbus, Ohio

Faith in Liddy

To the editors:

Let Alan M. Dershowitz say what he will about G. Gordon Liddy (Review of *Will*, *TNR*, May 31), but in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with hostile powers, I'd feel safer being represented by Liddy than by Ham or Jody or any of the other good old boys from the peanut farm.

Bruce Hunsberger
Reading, Pennsylvania

Pollers bared

To the editors:

In his review of John Bartlow Martin's *The Televising of Heller* (*TNR*, May 17), Sidney Blumenthal charges that Martin "reinforces popular misconceptions about media consultants" and "misrepresents what actually happens." He insists that "real consultants would never rely exclusively on a television horse-race poll to sustain a campaign. . . . No consultant would ever fix a TV poll." Those who have read Michael Wheeler's valuable dissection of the polling industry, *Lies, Damn Lies, and Statistics* may find Blumenthal naive.

According to Wheeler, the real candidates for whom Martin's fictional consultant worked all made questionable use of polls. Muskie's 1972 presidential campaign did "rely exclusively" on his standing in the polls, as we all found out when the voting started. Later that year, McGovern's campaign used Pat Caddell's accurate but misleading statistics to maintain its credibility; "We didn't do it, but we could have made it all up," remarked the campaign manager. Richard Nixon, during his 1962 gubernatorial race, actually lost a lawsuit over a phony Haldeman-conducted poll.

I have been told of a real case close to Martin's story. A liberal Democrat running for the Senate was trailing badly. His staff, knowing that a poor showing in a major media poll would end his chances, obtained inside information about the pollster's sample and managed

(continued on page 38)

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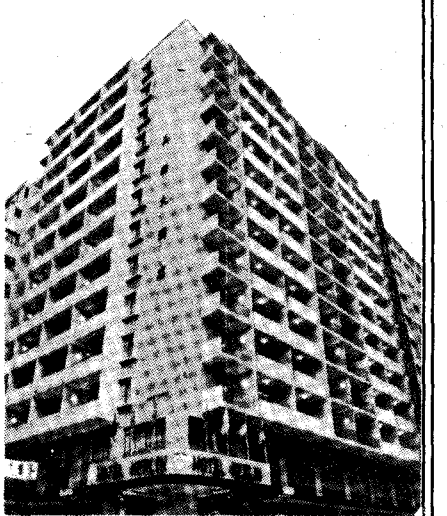

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 21, 1980

Inflation, 4; Carter, 0

This week's don't-know-whether-to-laugh-or-cry award must go to the headline at the top of page one of the *New York Times*, June 11: "Deficit for 1981 Is Now Expected By Carter Aides." A fiscal 1981 balanced budget was the centerpiece of the anti-inflation plan President Carter grandly unveiled in March, his fourth. It was all he offered a panicked citizenry that saw inflation running at close to 20 percent. But that was March, and this is a president whose ruling philosophy seems to be, "Today is the first day of the rest of your administration." The March plan required junking a 1981 budget that the Carter people had released only six weeks earlier. The explanation was that inflation was turning out much worse than expected. The explanation now offered for quietly giving up on the balanced budget is that the recession is turning out much worse than expected. In March, the White House was still claiming that it didn't expect a recession at all. Life is full of surprises.

In fact, no one really expected the 1981 budget to be balanced, and no one with any sense really cared. As we and others pointed out when this charade began three months ago, the certain prospect of worsening unemployment had invalidated the administration's budget calculations even before they were released. Higher unemployment means lower tax revenues and higher transfer payment costs. Anyway, the notion that slicing a few billion dollars off the federal budget could do anything serious to cure the problems of a three trillion dollar economy was preposterous. (See "Inflation, 3; Carter, 0," *TNR*, March 29.)

What is sad and frightening is not that the phony panacea of the balanced budget has been abandoned so quickly, but what this confirms about the way our country is being governed, and not just in the area of economics. First, there was the casual willingness of Carter and his political advisers, throughout the primary season, to deceive the electorate that a balanced budget was being achieved and that this would be an important tonic for inflation, when his economic advisers surely knew better. Lately Carter has been claiming that his "policy" is responsible for the modest cooling of inflation during the last few months. Inflation actually has slowed because the economy has finished digesting the huge oil price increases of 1979, which has nothing to do with Carter, and because we're plunging into a deep recession, which Carter has not leaped to take credit for, however much he may deserve it. When Carter "cures" the recession, inflation will go back up.

Second, there is Carter's cynical, and now legendary, reliance on his audience's short attention span. Only three months ago inflation was an official "crisis" and the balanced budget was the required solution. As with that other "crisis" over the American hostages in Iran, which required him never to leave the White House, having failed to solve the problem Carter simply put both problem and "solution" aside and moved on to other things. This technique works nicely with the administration's own short-sighted policy vision. Three months ago, all guns were blazing away at the inflation rate, as if we weren't plunging into a deep recession. Now the turrets have spun around to take aim at the recession, as if the inflation problem had disappeared.

Third, there is Carter's political cowardice. Slamming

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on the brakes to cool inflation, then flooring the accelerator to moderate the recession assures us that the trade-off between inflation and recession will continue. But it avoids giving offense to any particular interest group, even while it slowly makes us all worse off. Protectionism, tax loopholes, unjustified subsidies, and so on contribute mightily to our present impasse. But except for a few modest triumphs of deregulation, the Carter administration has done nothing over the past three and a half years to restructure the economy on more efficient lines.

The next rabbit out of Carter's hat, probably before the election, is bound to be a preemptive "supply side"-style tax cut, with breaks for savings, investment, and business depreciation. Watch for it. Gone will be the talk of balancing the budget. It will be claimed—it already is being claimed by "high administration officials"—that such a tax cut will help reduce inflation even as it stimulates us out of the recession. The new panacea. Will anyone ask why, if such an elixir exists, it was not administered earlier? Will anyone ask whether the precisely opposite policy that the administration was pursuing in the spring and early summer is now considered to have been in error? Or will policy number five be enthroned with the usual Carter ceremony, and without so much as a nod at the corpses of policies one through four?

White House Watch

With Open Arms

The White House official who first said that the US would welcome Cuban refugees with "an open heart and open arms" was the President's press secretary, Jody Powell. He was talking on April 14 about 3500 of 10,800 people who had overwhelmed the Peruvian embassy in Havana in the hope of asylum and escape from Castro's Cuba. The 3500 was thought to be the US's fair share; Peru, Costa Rica, and Spain had agreed to take 1800 and the US was begging other countries in Latin America and elsewhere to accept the remainder. On May 2 Castro thugs drove some 400 others into the former US embassy, now the "US interest section" in Havana. Word soon passed among Cuban-Americans in the Miami area that if they brought or sent boats the 90 miles to the Cuban port of Mariel they could pick up any relatives who were so benighted as to wish to leave Cuba for Florida. The great rush, the latest revival of the massive influx that had begun in the 1960s, was on. By May 5, when the President promised to welcome "literally tens of thousands" from Cuba with "an open heart and open arms," the total of arrivals at Key West was near 20,000. Toward mid-June it was well past 100,000, plus more than 11,000 Haitians who had sneaked into Florida by boat and had been belatedly included in the official welcome.

Our subject is not the influx as such, with the social and economic problems it raises. Here we deal with the consequent problems of policy and public management and how they were handled under White House direction. In some respects the problems were handled slowly and awkwardly, with flaws that discredited the President and his administration. In other respects, though, Carter and his people have taken a bum rap. With no intent to defend them, this report is a modest effort to balance things.

The President's "open hearts and open arms" line was generally reported without context, as if he'd said that alone. It therefore confused his own people at the White House and in concerned government agencies, who were desperately trying to devise a rational policy for an irrational situation. It also was interpreted by Cuban-Americans and boat captains and owners in Florida as presidential license to hie to Cuba in chartered craft, many of them unsuited and unsafe, and bring back relatives and friends in wholesale violation of US maritime, customs, and immigration laws. In his answer to a question about the Cuban problem at a convention of the League of Women Voters, Carter referred four times to his obligation and intention to admit the Cubans "in accordance with American law." Carefully reported and read, those references should have made it clear that he didn't mean to open the American door as widely as his concluding sentence with the "open arms" line and without the qualifications indicated. It's acknowledged at the White House that Carter had no right to expect his long and rambling answer to be carefully reported and read in the whole. He and the media must be blamed together for the misimpression.

An inter-agency group under White House assistant Jack Watson, one of Carter's brighter Georgians, came up on May 14 with a Cuban refugee policy and operational plan that seemed to slam the door that Carter seemed to have opened. It did not shut the door right away: the total of incoming Cubans doubled after it was announced. It did gradually close down the shuttle of chartered small to middle-sized boats between Florida and Mariel by putting owners and captains on notice that their boats would be seized and they might be fined or imprisoned if they and their Cuban-American customers persisted in gross violations of US law. Later the President, who usually left the details to Watson, moved in again and personally ordered the seizure of a chartered Panamanian freighter that brought over 800 Cubans into Key West. Carter also ordered the arrest of the freighter's captain and its owner, who was visiting Miami. But the core of the May 14 plan depended on Castro's agreement that US officials in Havana screen close relatives of Cuban-Americans, genuine political

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prisoners, and other Cubans genuinely in flight from oppression and clear them for passage to the US in planes and ships to be provided by the US. Castro did not agree. He continued to dump a few hundred plain criminals and mental and physical defectives on the dwindling fleet of boats at Mariel for passage to Florida along with more desirable Cubans. His refusal was expected though not a foregone certainty. It did not invalidate a sensible and generous approach to an immensely difficult problem.

Under the Refugee Act of 1980 the President and his harried surrogates had no practical alternative to subjecting the Cubans to the slow, burdensome individual processing that was instituted at Key West, in Miami, and at three army and air force centers in upper Florida, Pennsylvania, and Arkansas. Senator Edward Kennedy was one among many who argued that the President should have simplified the business by a blanket declaration that all of the Cubans were "refugees" in terms of the act. If this had been done, the Cubans, the private organizations trying to find sponsors and homes for them, and the state and local governments and agencies coping with their presence would have been automatically eligible for a variety of federal benefits. The Cubans (and the Haitians) instead were deemed applicants for asylum. After an interval of two months to a year they would, if accepted, be eligible for similar benefits and therefore about as expensive in the end as they would have been as "refugees." Initially, though, the law required meticulous screening of such applicants, one by one. A fact overlooked by critics who emphasized the difference between refugees and applicants is that the law assumes—it may be read to require—that "refugees" have been screened and cleared with equal care before they reach the US. Jack Watson and other officials who opted for the asylum approach were being strict constructionists. But in view of the strong prejudice against all of the incomers in Congress and among the public at large, strict construction was probably wiser than a loose interpretation that could arouse and perhaps justify objections to new legislation and large appropriations that will have to be sought.

Almost no attention has been paid to other complications that explain (but don't wholly excuse) the slow crawl toward decisions on how to pay the heavy federal costs and on revisions of relevant laws. The two laws principally involved are the Refugee Act and the National Disaster Relief Act of 1974. The President on May 2 allocated $10 million from his refugee emergency fund to meet some of the early costs of the Cuban operation. On May 6 he declared a state of emergency in Dade and a few other Florida counties immediately affected by the Cuban inflow. This was done under the Disaster Relief Act. So had been the assignment of the Federal Emergency Management Agency, which is set up and functions under the Disaster Act, to coordinate the entire Cuban exercise and the roles of 10 federal departments and agencies in it.

Bringing in the Disaster Act instantly sparked the suspicions of Senator Quentin Burdick of North Dakota. He is chairman of the Senate subcommittee that authorizes disaster relief appropriations and a member of the appropriations committee. He believes that Congress intended Disaster Act funds to be used mainly, indeed almost solely, in the aftermath of natural disasters. He feared that some of those funds, already insufficient to meet the costs of the Mount St. Helens volcanic eruption in Washington state, recent and predictable tornadoes this year, and other catastrophes, might be diverted for Cuban refugee purposes—including reimbursement of federal agencies and state and local governments. Burdick has told Carter, Vice President Mondale, FEMA director John Macy, and other officials that he will block the reauthorization of Disaster Act appropriations for fiscal 1981 if any 1980 disaster money is diverted. In any event he intends to insist that the act be amended to restrict the use of its funds to natural disasters.

Whether Burdick is correct in his reading of the Disaster Act is arguable. But invoking the act's emergency assistance provisions in such situations as the Cuban influx is legitimately questionable. Carter and his people decided, for example, *not* to declare a state of emergency in Miami after the recent and destructive racial riot there because in their judgment the Disaster Act did not apply. Whether the President intends to reimburse state and local governments and volunteer agencies dealing with the Cubans from disaster funds is left unclear in the Carter declaration. It's all too clear, however, that the unexpected cost of natural and social disasters in this year of budget stringency will be enormous. The Office of Management and Budget has notified Congress that handling the Cubans and Haitians will cost at least $300 million in this fiscal year.

Disagreement

AGREEMENT BY OPEC INDICATES INCREASE IN OIL PRICES OF $2

—*The New York Times*, June 11, page one

OPEC Fails To Agree on Price Rise

—*The Washington Post*, June 11, page one

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OMB director James T. McIntyre Jr. wrote four congressional committee chairmen on June 10 that the Cuban and Haitian refugee operation, the Mount St. Helens eruption, and other natural disasters so far this year will require at least $1.7 billion in added 1980 budget funds. Some, perhaps half, of this total will be requested in supplemental appropriations for federal agencies participating in various relief and recovery efforts. Countless hours go into deciding which of the efforts are within the agency's regular missions and therefore must be financed from their own regular and supplemental appropriations, and which are attributable to emergencies and therefore may be chargeable to disaster funds or special appropriations.

John Osborne

Politics

According to Garth

Every day Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter look more mean-spirited, devious, and inept. And every day John Anderson looks more plausible as a man we could elect president. Anderson's opinion polls keep rising. The latest ABC-Harris Survey shows that Anderson has virtually caught up with Reagan and Carter in the eight biggest electoral-vote states. The network news shows are giving Anderson as much air time as the presumptive major party nominees, increasing his credibility. Some Democrats are beginning to help the Anderson campaign along, realizing that his candidacy will bring out voters most likely to support liberals in congressional and Senate races.

To his eager army of volunteers, Anderson has added a world-class political strategist and media manager, David Garth, who is fully aware that Anderson needs to appear a centrist and to broaden his base beyond the nation's quiche eaters. Anderson's struggle to get on the ballot in 40 to 50 states is giving him the opportunity to get grassroots political organizations together around the country. If enough money comes in, he will be able to mount a fully competitive national media campaign in the fall that will stress Anderson's virtues while Reagan and Carter are hammering each other's weaknesses into the public's consciousness.

Anderson may still be a long shot, but the ABC-Harris results are little short of astounding. In a straight nationwide three-way match-up, Anderson gets 23 percent against 39 for Ronald Reagan and 33 for Carter. But in the eight largest states, which account for 216 of the 270 electoral votes necessary for election, the score is Reagan 34, Carter 32, and Anderson 29. ABC-Harris asked voters whom they would support if they thought Anderson actually had a chance of winning—if, in other words, they thought their vote would not be "wasted." Results: nationally, Reagan 35, Carter 31, Anderson 29; in the eight largest states, Anderson 36, Carter 31, and Reagan 29. "In short," said Harris's news release of May 15, "Anderson now possesses the potential for being the first independent to win the White House in American history."

The principal fuel for John Anderson's little engine that can is public dissatisfaction with Reagan and Carter, and all evidence suggests that it is still potent. Reagan has won the Republican nomination handily, but he showed surprising weakness in Pennsylvania, Texas, and Michigan. An enthusiastic, unified Republican party could make up for Reagan's weaknesses, but if Reagan insists on ideological purity in the GOP platform and selects a right-winger (Jack Kemp or Jesse Helms) or a national nonentity (Richard Lugar or Guy Vander Jagt) as his running mate, he could destroy good feeling in the GOP and send moderates flocking to Anderson. It is not a good sign for GOP unity—but very good for Anderson—that hard-line Reaganites have revived their campaign to oust party chairman Bill Brock, a widely respected figure among professionals who wants to stay in his job only until after the election.

Meanwhile, even those who believe Jimmy Carter is a poor president but a good politician must be having their doubts. Carter has made a few party-healing moves, such as making Kennedy supporter Morris Udall the keynote speaker at the Democratic convention and offering to compromise with Kennedy on platform issues. These actions led David Garth to remark in an interview last week, "Having promised to whip Kennedy's ass, Jimmy Carter is going to spend the next six weeks kissing it." But Carter isn't through whipping, either, and gracelessly, as he showed when he commanded supporters at the US Conference of Mayors convention to withdraw its invitation to Kennedy to speak.

In various ways, Carter seems to be squandering his most precious political commodity: the mistaken belief on the part of millions of voters that, even if he is not too competent, the president is a decent, honest man. His plotting through the Democratic National Committee to keep Anderson off state ballots has deeply undercut Carter's credibility. His anti-Anderson moves have aroused principled and pragmatic opposition even in his own party. A group of Democratic senators (Eagleton, Pryor, and Stevenson) is planning to form a committee for fair play, urging that Anderson be permitted to run in the interests of democracy and wider voter participation. Some Democrats figure that Anderson's candidacy, if it brings out millions of liberal and moderate voters, could help save up to eight Democratic Senate seats. Dick Conlon, the staff director of the Democratic Study Group, believes Anderson might save as many as 25 Democratic House seats, too. At some point, it is going to dawn on Democrats that Carter's efforts to undermine Ander-

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son are not intended to help the party, but himself. Then, possibly after a divisive Democratic convention, there may be a mass migration to Anderson.

Possibly the worst potential damage done to Carter's reputation for openness, honesty, and decency was inflicted last week by his own loud-mouthed aides, acting in what they apparently thought was the president's interest. White House and campaign officials leaked memos and inside dope about Carter's primary strategy which showed a persistent pattern of manipulation of the media and the public, of government by opinion poll, and of calculated negative campaigning. If the *Washington Post* had uncovered the same material about Richard Nixon's reelection committee in 1972, it surely would have treated the story as a major scandal. Leaked, it was treated—as the White House intended—as evidence of supreme political competence. But it ultimately ought to hurt the president. His opponents are going to cite the evidence—of phony memos prepared for leaking, of knowing manipulation of voters with "good news" about Iran—and call the Carter White House "Nixonesque."

About 55 percent of the electorate is dissatisfied with the Carter-Reagan choice, according to polling by *The New York Times*, but that does not translate into support for John Anderson. One New York pollster, Roger Seasonwein, has found that Anderson has a base of 15 percent of the electorate—mainly young people, college graduates, and strongly alienated voters—"the establishment and the counter-establishment," says Garth. An NBC poll shows that only 43 percent of the voters know who John Anderson is, although of that group, he is viewed favorably by a two-to-one margin.

The obvious tasks ahead for the Anderson campaign are to generate greater name recognition and to move the public beyond its negative attitudes about Carter and Reagan to positive support for Anderson. Garth says that when Anderson announced his independent candidacy in April, the choice facing the campaign was how to spend its money—on media, to increase Anderson's name identification; or on ballot access, to increase Anderson's credibility as a presidential possibility. Not surprisingly, Anderson chose ballot access. So far, the decision hasn't hurt his visibility, largely because the campaign has attracted "free media"—sometimes known as news—worth more than it could ever have bought. Anderson routinely appears on local television as he makes his way around the country to promote his ballot access campaign, and he is routinely accorded major candidate treatment by the networks. So far, Anderson has collected double and triple the number of signatures required to secure access to the November ballot in all 12 states whose filing deadlines followed the announcement of his candidacy. In five states where the deadline preceded the announcement, including Ohio, the Anderson campaign has sued for access.

The campaign has every prospect of gaining enough signatures to make the ballot in most of the other states—including California, which requires 101,000 signatures. But Democratic national chairman John White is vowing to "assist" state parties in challenging Anderson petitions. White contends that Anderson is "double dipping" by running first as a Republican and then as an independent. "It's the Rosy Ruiz strategy," White told the Godfrey Sperling press breakfast last week. "'I'm going to drop out of the race and start again at the finish.'" Some state laws, in fact, do prohibit so-called "sore loser" candidacies, but White's contention that Anderson is violating some ethical or constitutional principle is ridiculous. White alleged that Anderson was being used as part of a Reagan plot to draw support from President Carter, and he also passed out mimeographed sheets titled "The Real John Anderson," alleging that Anderson really is a conservative Republican masquerading as a liberal. This overkill only builds sympathy for Anderson.

What Anderson really is, ideologically, is the subject for another article. What Garth and Anderson's other managers want to make him out to be is "a centrist—a fiscal conservative and a social liberal, which is exactly the profile of the American people." The Anderson campaign is not at all distressed that President Carter's people are accusing Anderson of having a conservative voting record on economic issues. As he travels around the country on his ballot access mission, Anderson emphasizes the same issues that he did during his Republican campaign—his 50-cent gas tax for energy conservation, a defense spending lid to secure capital for reindustrialization, a tax cut to improve productivity. With a recession under way (and to appeal to liberals and workers), Anderson is also opposing President Carter's social welfare budget cuts and, of course, Reagan's Kemp-Roth tax slashes. Anderson stresses that he is not running against the two-party system and has forgone the right to raise money through a third party. He also insists that the possibility that the election will be thrown into the House of Representatives isn't necessarily calamitous—first, because he doesn't think it will happen; second, because it's provided for in the US Constitution.

When the ballot access phase of the campaign is over in several weeks, Anderson is scheduled to begin

Coming:

Nicholas von Hoffman's Investment Advice for People With No Money.

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making major new statements on issues in order to convince voters that he is the most knowledgeable candidate in the field. Having mobilized a grassroots organization of young signature gatherers—who will be converted into local fundraisers and precinct workers—the campaign plans to turn to blue-collar voters, among whom Anderson currently is weak. Garth thinks that a sensible Anderson pitch about inflation and recession in union halls can attract blue-collar support, especially since Carter has caused workers such dire problems and Reagan "can come at them only from the far right, waving the flag." Anderson is also likely to appeal to working-class Democrats by trying to find a Democratic running mate.

Anderson still plans to make do on a campaign budget of $12 to $15 million, far less than the $29 million each that the federal government will give Reagan and Carter, the additional $4.6 million that the two parties can spend on their candidates, and the $20 million Republicans plan to raise separately for Reagan through an election law loophole. The Anderson campaign plans to raise three to four million dollars through direct mail and the rest in major gifts and special fundraising events. Ballot access probably will cost between one and two million dollars, much of it for lawyers. The campaign paid the Washington firm of Arnold and Porter about $100,000 for ballot access research. It has retained Washington attorney Mitchell Rogovin to oversee the rest of the access legal battle.

The biggest expenditure will be for media—somewhere between $4.5 million and nine million dollars, depending on how much money comes in and which of Anderson's staff members is talking. Garth envisions running a positive media campaign, emphasizing Anderson's virtues—a small-town, middle-class background, battlefield service as an enlisted man in World War II ("he saw war firsthand, which is a statement none of the other candidates can make"), experience as a foreign service officer, a county prosecutor, and a congressman for 20 years.

The Anderson campaign probably will avoid running negative ads against Carter and Reagan, preferring to let the two of them cut each other to ribbons. It's also obvious that David Garth is no innocent, can compose a mean ad if he wants to, and feels very negative about Jimmy Carter. "He's run a vicious, vitriolic, vengeful campaign," says Garth of the president. "All the while, he hides behind this Howdy-Doody smile and people think he's a good guy. But people are going to ask, where is all this savage stuff coming from? This is not going to be a referendum on Anderson, but on Jimmy Carter's four years. The real question is: are you going to extend this for another four years? I want Jimmy Carter to face Jimmy Carter on split screens, what he promised and how he performed. . . ."

If all this works and Anderson stays up in the polls, presumably he will be invited to participate in the presidential debates on television. Suddenly—doubtless under the influence of polls—President Carter has agreed to consider a debate including Anderson, but he may well craftily try to engineer a repeat of Reagan's victory in Nashua, New Hampshire, by inviting Libertarian Ed Clark and ecologist Barry Commoner, too, in hopes that Anderson will refuse.

If Anderson debates and debates well, if Reagan remains a simpleton and Carter inept, if Anderson offers plausible answers to the nation's problems, John Anderson could beat Jimmy Carter in the East, beat Reagan in the Far West and divide the Midwest with both of them. He could achieve 270 electoral votes without the South, but might even have a chance in Florida and Texas. Or, if he failed to win a majority of the electoral votes, he might achieve a plurality and be in a position to win by bargaining for Carter or Reagan votes in the Electoral College or in the House, whose Democratic majority he will have helped preserve. Is it far-fetched? It is becoming less so the more Carter and Reagan show the sad stuff they are made of.

Morton Kondracke

The trouble with John Anderson.

The Curse of the Quiche Eaters

"John Anderson, my jo," sings Robert Burns in one of his love poems, jo being the Scottish word for sweetheart. "Your locks are like the snow; / But blessings on your frosty pow, / John Anderson, my jo." Some sensitive souls today are taking John Anderson as their sweetheart. Even this magazine is not above considering a little dalliance with him. Wedlock with Jimmy Carter has hardly proved to be a blissful state. The thought of a liaison with the now raddled suitor in the wings is no more appealing. So why not an affair, even if it is only a summer romance, with John Anderson?

John Anderson talks of putting together a "new coalition," but there is nothing new about it all; again and again in the past few years, this new coalition has formed and dissolved before our eyes. First in this coalition are those who in simpler and sterner times were called the idle rich. From Manhattan to Malibu they stretch, but not in any of America in between. The continent they inhabit is the one drawn by Saul Steinberg for the *New Yorker*, on the Manhattan rather than the Mercator projection: the two coasts take up nine-tenths of the map, with the rest of America a thin strip squeezed between. Sometime in the 1960s, tired

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of collecting artists, these idle rich began to collect candidates. All they had to show for their checkbook dedication to the arts, after all, were endless acres of stripes and color fields on their walls. It was the most expensive wallpaper in town, but it palled after a time, and then they made their discovery. Candidates are cheaper and you can play with them. So down comes Albers and—after McCarthy, Mo Udall, McGovern, and Mo Udall (always there is Mo Udall)—now up goes Anderson. From minimal art to minimal politics.

So the new coalition includes the idle rich with liberal guilt. They have just had time to sign their checks before migrating to the Hamptons or the Cape or the Vineyard, those suburban patches which they strangely refer to among themselves as the country. And there was plenty of time for another familiar element in the new coalition to sign on before their vacation. John Anderson has the campus vote, for all the good that it will do for him—as much as it did for McCarthy, Udall, McGovern, and Udall. Rather, he has that part of the campus vote which is most visible as well as most audible. These are the students whom we rather enchantingly speak of as idealists, but who will be ripping off the system in Washington in 10 years. "Reforming the system from within" is what they cunningly call it. Acres of Washington are leveled each year so that expensive offices may be built for them to offer their not inexpensive services as lobbyists and consultants to various causes and interests. Good causes, naturally, and worthy interests. The with-it withins, we may call them. And who is more within this year to be with-it with than John Anderson? Not only a Republican, which is now almost with-it, but a right-wing one as well.

How John Anderson comes to be regarded as a liberal Republican is partly explained by the third element in the new coalition. These are the cause people. It is worth carrying round in one's head this year the remark of Frank Mankiewicz, the director of McGovern's campaign in 1972: "We were always subject to this pressure from the cause people; we reacted to every threat from women or militants or college groups. If I had it to do over again, I'd learn when to tell them to go to hell." The cause people supply the putty from which the idle rich and the campus activists make their icons of this year's with-it liberal. John Anderson's first appeal for money to come through the mail after the Iowa caucuses was plainly addressed to the cause people, whom he calls "concerned, issue-oriented citizens." (It is worth starting with this document. For one thing, it is here that one can see him first bending unerringly to the people he knows he must attract; for another, it is significant how little he has since added to explain his positions.) What are the issues to which the cause people and he are oriented? "Let me give you three examples of how I stand on the issues," he says. Well, let him.

Energy. "Now is the time to consider a . . . 50-cent-a-gallon 'energy conservation tax.'" He was having something of a *succès de scandale* with this proposal at the time, as also with his strong support for the proposed embargo on grain shipments to the Soviet Union. But whatever may be said for such a tax, it would not be liberal; it might not be regressive in the technical sense, but it would have the same impact—it would hurt the needy more than the rich. He says that safeguards for the poor would be provided by using the proceeds of the tax to reduce Social Security payroll taxes and increase Social Security benefits. But that is not where the revenues from such a tax tend to go, and any Congress willing to vote for it would not allocate it to Social Security.

And then: "I propose establishing an Agency for International Energy Development to promote energy exploration and development in Third World non-OPEC nations." Oh, no! the third world will cry. Ho, ho! the alert liberal will say. This naked proposal for economic imperialism is rather old-fashioned. The rich no longer want to give, and the poor no longer want to receive, at least in this way. John Anderson's proposal should be contrasted with that of Willy Brandt's commission on international development, which recommends that there should be three partners in any such deal: the industrial countries, the poor developing countries, *and* the oil producers. There may be something suspect in this idea as well, but at least it brings in the oil producers, whose manipulation of oil supply and prices hurts the economies of the developing countries even more than industrial nations. But John Anderson wants to form an aggressive "counter-cartel" against the oil producers, in which the oil importers would implement "a joint marketing strategy" by such means as tariff penalties and a central purchasing authority. There is no reason for believing that the oil importers would be able to cooperate in such draconian measures any more than in the modest ones that have been proposed hitherto; but apart from that, one is still left wondering how a program for energy development in the developing nations is to succeed without the contribution of the OPEC countries. The proposal is gimmickery. It is there as tripe for the liberal.

What else does Anderson throw out to lure the concerned and issue-oriented?

Abortion. "The government simply cannot be allowed to interfere with this intimate choice," which "is a matter to be decided by a woman in conjunction with her God and her physician."

Gun control. "Something simply must be done about handguns," and there follow the usual proposals for restrictions on licensing, which candidates wishing to appear liberal propose, knowing full well that Congress will dispose of it for them. Advocating gun control did not make Jimmy Carter a liberal, and it does not now make a liberal of a right-wing Republican.

What do these issues, given such prominence, have in common? "I've cited these three positions because it can be seen that they either require real sacrifice or they

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run counter to powerful, organized special interests. Now that's what the next President of the United States is going to have to do. Require real sacrifices. And challenge powerful, narrow interests." And so he goes on saying today. Oh my, oh my! Does he really believe it? And even if he has convinced himself that he believes it, that ought not to mean that the genuine liberal must too. What "real sacrifices" do his three positions require? What is there in them to make the "powerful, narrow interests" dive for cover? Chase Manhattan could cheerfully give a bundle to such a paper-tiger *couchant*.

What has he said since to assure us of his miraculous transformation into a standard-bearer for liberalism? On the budget: "I would rely on a much more stringent budget than [Carter]. . . . If Wright Patman were still alive he'd be turning in his grave." That makes it clear enough. On civil rights: "I've been in the vanguard of the civil rights movement, and that great project is not yet completed." He actually was not all that much in the vanguard, even in his boasted stand on public housing. Anyhow, that was in the past. What do we know of the present? He has said that he would overhaul Carter's 1981 budget by eliminating funds for 50,000 public-service jobs, by paring the "administrative costs and training" for the Head Start program, and by reducing the counter-cyclical aid Carter proposes for communities hit hard by the recession. So much for his support of civil rights when it comes to the crunch, when the demand is no longer just for legal rights but for economic justice and opportunity.

Roaming farther afield, he accused Carter of hypocrisy in refusing to lift the sanctions against Rhodesia when such an action could only have encouraged further white resistance, hardly the liberal position at the time. As for defense, talk of "a leaner, tougher, better fighting force" is always the rhetoric of the man who wants to suggest that defense expenditures can be reduced without weakening the country and its allies, as is his statement that it is "shameful" that the United States could spend more on military research than on research into health and other domestic problems. But what does it amount to? It is useful to con the new coalition, but it has nothing to do with the liberal position one way or the other. It is genuine and resilient liberals such as Henry Jackson and Daniel Patrick Moynihan who are anxious about the national defense—like Roosevelt, like Truman, like Kennedy, like Johnson—and it puzzles me that the editor-in-chief of this magazine, who is also anxious about it, should in his rankling dislike of the president say that he might consider voting for John Anderson.

We also have had a promise from him to spend lots of money on the cities, and that is still about all we know of his positions. His reputation as a born-again liberal still depends on the kind of marginal issues presented when he first sent out his appeal after Iowa. As many have commented, it is all very well for a one-term governor to have to think out his positions on the great national issues, but odd that a veteran congressman should have to do so. The explanation is that he is having to be born again and again and again on all of them.

One is always grateful for small and unexpected mercies and good if unexpected news. One group that has not run flapping after Anderson with the new coalition is Americans for Democratic Action. With an unusual timeliness its national director has released its analysis of John Anderson's votes in the House of Representatives from from 1961 to 1969, showing that he was "conservative" on fiscal and social issues, "moderate" on civil rights issues, and "mixed" on environmental, energy, and consumer issues, all of which one hopes will be pondered by the Liberal party in New York before it adds to its record of past follies by supporting him now. For what is involved here is much more than the right or wrong of the issues in themselves.

The questions ultimately raised are those about the very integrity and even courage which are so much vaunted by himself as well as others. (He offers himself in his letter as "an honest man with sound experience.") Yet he is dishonest on issues that put even his recent record in the House in conflict with his need to appeal to the new coalition. The League of Conservation Voters has issued its own analysis of his record, and it says that he has "never voted correctly"—in other words, against nuclear power—"on a single nuclear vote used on the league's charts" since 1970, when it began to compile and publish them. Yet today he will draw the applause of the "anti-nukes" in his audiences and in the new coalition by saying stealthily that he would not issue new operating licenses until stricter safety regulations were applied. What comes from the mouth of this prophet is not the truth but an evasion of it, as he bends again to catch the only votes available to him—just as he saw the opportunity to catch them in his first appeal.

The plain fact of the matter is that John Anderson is only the latest representative of a common type in politics. He is the opportunist disguised as an idealist: the man who appeals to his conscience to justify any position he takes. He is not beholden to any party; he is beholden only to himself. With this usefully self-justifying stance go all the other qualities usually associated with it. Some arrogance, some prissiness, some humorlessness, some unkindness. He should be presented with James Hogg's novel, which was "lost" for two centuries: *The Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. It would make rough reading for a man such as he if he would honestly see himself in it, but then the bother with such men is that they never do see the accurate reflections of themselves.

We in turn should listen to his congressional colleagues, like Representative Mickey Edwards: "I've always liked him. But I think it is almost amazing that the stories have been about how this is the one man who is consistent in his support of certain prin-

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ciples. . . . John looked for where there was an opening on the spectrum. There was one on the left and he took it." Other politicians have looked for such openings before and taken them. But they have not usually then claimed and not usually been granted a reputation for integrity superior to that of other men. This was why I so quickly found him unlikable as he put himself forward on television, and it is my impression that this unlikableness will tell quicker than some now think. Meanwhile he will send the parties, the political system, the people, and the country to perdition for his own ambitions. And among the ruins afterward he will collect the lecture fees.

Henry Fairlie

The politics of disconnection.

California Dreaming

One might think that the winners of California's presidential primary, Ronald Reagan and Teddy Kennedy, embodied in some ways the will of the people of California. Not so. They are perceived as remote television performers, and the new election laws practically eliminate rank-and-file involvement in their campaigns. Californians turned out to vote this year in the lowest numbers since the state's 1948 primary.

Before 1976, a would-be president could not win a California primary—especially a Democratic primary—unless local groups rallied around him as a man who could identify with their needs and aspirations. Were this even to begin to happen in 1980, however, the candidate's national headquarters would promptly instruct the locals to send in all the money they raise—because the computer in Washington counts it off against the candidate's overall spending limit. The 1980 candidate can't afford local offices. His campaign is run by a harassed national staff that focuses on fundraising through massive direct mailings, and programs its candidate for brief exposure visits to TV markets in the 38 primary states. On a given stop the candidate drops in on a few quick fundraising parties—advanced by national, not local, staff—carries out a TV stunt for an audience of national plus local media, and is put back on the plane and whisked to the next market area.

The result is demoralizing to the politics of a state like California. In the past, when a candidate came to town—especially a Democrat with coalition-building on his mind—the local people steered him to public and private meetings where contacts were made and commitments tested. In the course of the campaign, the candidate got constant feedback from the grass roots. If elected, he had promises to keep (or break) and lines of communication open. There were organizations that connected issues to candidates who would have to deal with those issues.

Now the connections are gone. In California, at least, there is no middle ground between the politicians on the tube and the people in front of the tube. The territory once occupied by activists is now a desert where prophets cry and candidates need never set foot.

Let's pick up Ronald Reagan, for example, as he lands at the San Jose airport. State police give his limo quasi-military protection as he is whisked down the freeway followed by a busload of media people and a convoy of staff cars. Since polls show that Reagan may have a weakness in concern for the disadvantaged, his team has picked out a school for aphasic and retarded children. Never mind that Governor Reagan, like Governor Jerry Brown after him, decimated funds for education and mental health. It seems Reagan once signed a bill that allowed this school to come into being and now the children have been assembled to receive their benefactor. It seems the children will sing for Reagan—under extreme tension—while the candidate shifts uncomfortably. Then Reagan and his entourage are packed into a room where a boy uses a pointer strapped to his head—his sole means of communication—to operate a learning machine. Reagan turns away, he can't take it. And the boy in the wheelchair is shoved aside by a sound man swinging his boom into place.

The visit is over in 20 minutes. Back in the press bus, two British journalists tell how they "adore" our election campaigns. "Indeed it's a circus . . . but so *American*, don't you think?" On the news that night, viewers will see Reagan kneeling to get a plaque from a crippled kid. They may even hear the end of his story about how he was mistaken for Roy Rogers, recited with an actor's mastery so precise that reporters who follow him sing along with him in perfect cadence. When Reagan is asked whether he endorses ballot Proposition 9, "Jarvis II," which would halve state income taxes, he replies that he and Nancy haven't had a chance to read it.

Jimmy Carter's strategy, as we know, was to stay in the White House dispensing grease and "acting presidential." In Oakland, schoolchildren are given a day off and assembled on command to be televised for 30 seconds as Rosalynn Carter brings inspiration from a man she refers to, in the religious historical mode, as "Jimmycarter." Across the bay, Mrs. Carter meets San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein, who duly notes that money's on the way to repair the cable cars. Meanwhile Chip Carter canvasses Castro Street, in keeping with the new TV campaign tradition: the younger male relatives of candidates appear in gay bars, where someone always gets on screen to let us know "he's cute." The "political" assignment falls to the immaculate Fritz Mondale, who is sent to the Greenhouse Project in Santa Clara, where a token number of unemployed farm workers develop new kinds of vegetables. Fritz Mondale finds the project a

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source of hope in the fight against unemployment. He is televised examining a cucumber. A reporter gets out of hand and asks him on camera if he knows that federal funds for the Greenhouse have been held up. "No," says Mondale, "I wasn't aware of it—but as a vice president I'm not in a position to give out funds." Then the project will close, says the reporter. "That may be true," says Mondale, "but that's not my function for being out here."

In a noon rally in San Francisco's financial district, Ted Kennedy takes more positions than his brother did the whole time he was president. He wants a set of economic policies aimed at full employment, increased production, and planned fiscal controls. He aims to desubsidize the oil companies, phase out nuclear power, bring in the ERA and national health insurance. He taunts Carter in a vibrato brassy with contempt for the president's "tired old Republican policies," calls him "a clone of Ronald Reagan." Kennedy pulls out all the stops; no rhetoric is too much for him. In his wind-up he even becomes his own cheerleader: "California is the state—June 3rd is the date—and Kennedy is the can-di-date!" He delivers this at full volume with booming irony, as if he were taunting his listeners, who applaud in mild perplexity. A claque up front starts chanting: "We want Ted, we want Ted" . . . and Kennedy responds with a chilling little heh-heh-heh-heh. I haven't heard a laugh like that, cutting under the applause, since Joe McCarthy or Malcolm X. Kennedy in his fatalism is saying "yes, the joke's on me, folks, I'm willing to make a fool of myself—but I'm really doing this thing, I'm taking it all the way, win or lose, I'm saying what I want and letting the chips fall where they may." Among candidates who give off a sterile and smarmy smugness, Kennedy is charged with the electricity of self-hate in search of redemption. Fate has played strange games with the Kennedys. What has Teddy got to lose now by laughing in its face?

I am reminded that I saw Kennedy three years ago, leading a panel at Harvard with urbanity, wit, and an easy pleasure in the intricacies of legislation. Will this Kennedy reappear if he gets behind the desk in the Oval Office? Ted Kennedy doesn't act like a man who sees himself at the center of the universe—he's raising hell on the outer edges, an actor amused with the consolations and difficulties of his impossible role.

About John Anderson, we should observe a moment's silence. He went fundraising in Los Angeles, but did not campaign. He is wrapping a chrysalis about himself, within which he will conceivably throw off his anti-labor, pro-corporate, pro-Vietnam past, and emerge in some new form neither Republican nor Democratic. Though his ideas are, to be charitable, incomplete, his simple, cheerful endorsement of gun control and abortion put him in a unique category among politicians. If it bothers us that Anderson's not obliged to a political party, we should remind ourselves that outside of big-city mayors no one else is anymore either. Nearly everyone I know who voted for Kennedy in California would prefer Anderson to Carter in the general election—"if Anderson has a chance."

As parties and organizations broke down this year, California's ballot propositions attracted passionate activity. The most devastating was Proposition 9, the continuation of the so-called "Taxpayers' Revolt." On this issue, Californians have been badly served by the national press (including, on occasion, *TNR*), where we read that Jarvis's first effort, Proposition 13 of 1978, has not had a substantial impact on how we live. Supposedly the effects were cushioned by the state tax surplus, caused by inflation moving taxpayers into higher brackets. The fact is, however, that even with the surplus (which is about to disappear due to tax indexing), fire, police, health, and educational services have been painfully curtailed. In the past school year, for instance, the San Francisco school system, after a long strike, laid off a quarter of its teachers. The combination of no summer school, closed libraries, and cut-down park programs mixes with escalating youth unemployment to create social damage affecting every stratum of society—even the landlords and corporations who took in two-thirds of the benefits from Proposition 13. Deteriorating public schools have increased the number of middle-class children sent to private schools, where their tuitions soak up their parents' savings on property taxes. The university and public health systems continue their demoralizing decline. Californians voted down Proposition 9 on June 3. Could there ever have been a "taxpayers' revolution" without any sense of what new institutions would replace the old? What is needed is not to eliminate taxes and government, but to align them with a better set of priorities. For the moment, there is no leader in the state or passing through who has established such priorities with any clarity.

One more candidate, or ex-candidate, Governor Jerry Brown, took advantage of the proposition controversies to begin his campaign for 1984. While his position on the rent control proposition (like his position on the anti-nuclear referendum in 1974) remained unknown, Brown came out in favor of the oil tax (which would have diverted 10 percent of oil company revenues into mass transit and vague energy research; it was voted down) and against Jarvis II. At fundraising banquets, Brown displayed his new oratorical technique, which is a complete reversal of his usual five-minute buzzword blitzkrieg. Now he rambles at length with many an assorted fact and figure, hoping like an undergraduate filling a blue book that they will add up to a brilliant vision. His performance is disturbing. Brown touches on some of the glaring failures of our institutions—the inefficient structure of bureaucracy, the absence of long-term economic planning, the emphasis on consuming rather than conserving and developing. But in his language and his logic he is the bright sophomore looking to snow his peers with slogans and verbiage. He still plays

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on the necessity to "cut back the public sector," but 10 minutes later he doesn't want "to severely curtail the public infrastructure." Brown's message is that he alone among politicians is in touch with the future—when it comes to specifics he is ready to go in many directions.

There is little in what he says about the problems facing families, poor people, or workers—the real world with which he has had little contact. His peroration is saved for outer space. What a chance the legislature blew when it voted down his state satellite! For out in space lie not only the as-yet-unspecified answers to our economic problems; but out there also lies the threat of Russian domination. If their "killer satellites" knock out ours, Brown warns, all the tanks in the world won't make any difference.

I wrote in these pages two years ago that Brown would come to seem more like Carter as time passed. One big sameness is that it's hard by now to listen to either one of them. Am I the only one who can't follow Carter on TV? When his words are written down, they make plausible reading. But his inappropriate affect—grinning when he is angry, stressing the wrong words, swallowing the right ones—tends to lull away his meaning. And one knows by now that within a few days, Carter's words may be equally heartfelt in an opposite direction. That's another sameness between Carter and Brown—each believes he can embody contradictions without choosing between them, because he is the agent of larger powers.

Brown and Carter also share another dubious distinction: they are both on the wane in California, where newness is a way of thought or, as we were the first to say, a "lifestyle." This is not true of our most sought-after political speaker, whose voice rings out unhampered by doubts or hesitations. I refer to Jane Fonda, who can draw a bigger crowd than any of the above, deliver a livelier speech, and is available with unflagging authority to address any group moving on the political left.

The last time I saw Jane do her thing was in the spring of 1979, when she was fronting for Brown as well as Tom Hayden and a number of other causes. She spoke to a small crowd of affluent radicals at a house in the Berkeley hills, on a patio near the greenhouse and the glassed-in swimming pool. She was excited about a rent-control law she had worked for in her suburb of Santa Monica. The audience was well aware she had just received an Academy Award for *Coming Home*. At the time Jane talked about how Carter had betrayed "the people," and how we were going to "take back the government." Who was this "we," I wondered, for the people around me were certainly not a cross-section of the powerless and oppressed. When did we possess the government in the first place and what gave us the right—to say nothing of the means—to take it back? I think Jane meant "we" were the good people of the earth whom the bad people had thwarted, but that since we were good, we were bound to prevail. This is not too far from the way Carter sees it. I assume Jane and Tom Hayden would lay out a different agenda, but they wouldn't doubt for a second that all good causes are united in their own. "We won two great victories last week in Southern California," Jane wound up: "the Santa Monica rent-control vote and the Academy Awards. Let's make it a clean sweep with the Berkeley municipal elections!"

Jeremy Larner

Jeremy Larner, who won an Oscar for his screenplay of *The Candidate*, lives in California.

A way out of the energy fix, but not an easy way.

The Rebirth of King Coal

by Stephen Chapman

When God created the world's energy resources, he came up with one fuel that was superior to all others: oil. If one could design the perfect energy source, it wouldn't be much different from oil. It is versatile, suitable for running your car, heating your home, powering your factory, or generating electricity for an entire city. It is liquid, making it easy to transport and perfect for fueling different forms of transportation on land, sea, and air. It is relatively clean when burned, and getting it out of the ground is not a particularly dangerous or unhealthy affair. But oil has its problems, all recent. It is no longer as abundant as it was at the dawn of the petroleum age. It is no longer cheap. Its production is no longer in the hands of the Western

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industrial nations which rely so heavily on it.

To describe the virtues of oil is to enumerate the defects of coal. Coal is not exceptionally versatile: you can't run a car on it, and it isn't very good for heating homes, even though it once was widely used for that purpose. It is solid, which means it is heavy, bulky, and difficult to transport. It is undoubtedly the most environmentally dangerous form of energy ever discovered by man, with the possible exception of nuclear power. Getting it out of the ground is a very dangerous affair: coal mining is the most hazardous industrial occupation in America.

But if coal lacks the virtues of oil, it also lacks its vices. Coal is abundant. It is cheaper than any other form of energy, again with the possible exception of nuclear power. And there are abundant supplies in the western US, safe from the predations of OPEC.

There was a time, of course, when King Coal reigned supreme. In 1925 the US relied on coal for 75 percent of its energy; the world as a whole got 83 percent of its energy from coal. But that was before technological advances made oil and natural gas cheaper than anyone ever could have imagined. Those advances inaugurated the petroleum age, which in turn spawned the automobile. Gradually the nation's energy demands depended less and less on coal and more and more on oil. By the end of World War II, coal supplied only half of US energy needs. In the postwar years coal's importance continued to decline in competition with oil, gas, and the newest energy source, nuclear power.

But in the last decade the tables have been turned. The best thing that ever happened to coal was OPEC's seizure of the world oil market in 1973, and its quadrupling of oil prices in a matter of months. Those developments coincided with the last Arab-Israeli war and the Arab embargo of oil sales to the US (along with the Netherlands and Israel). The days of 30-cent gasoline were gone for good, and coal could only benefit. But politicians also saw the opportunity to strike a symbolic blow against OPEC. In 1973 President Nixon unveiled his "Project Independence," which promised American self-sufficiency in energy by 1980, and which relied in part on greater use of coal. In 1974 Congress gave the Federal Energy Administration the power to prohibit use of oil or natural gas by any electric power plants that could be converted to burn coal, and to require that new plants be designed for coal, and that policy has been reaffirmed several times since. But the shift to coal has come at a pace too slow to satisfy some, including the coal industry and President Carter. The most recent and ambitious effort to promote greater coal use is a $10 billion administration proposal that would designate 107 utility boilers to be converted to coal, with the federal government paying half of the cost. Carter has successfully pushed other measures to stimulate coal consumption, including a ban on new oil or gas boilers used by industry and a $20 billion synthetic fuels program (scaled down from the $88 billion proposed by Carter) which would subsidize liquification and gasification of coal.

Coming:

Why Monopoly's No Fun Anymore.

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Soviet Sensitivities.

The attractions of coal are obvious. The first, and perhaps most important, is its abundance. It may or may not be true that the world is in danger of depleting its recoverable supplies of oil and natural gas. But there is no danger of running out of coal anytime in the next few centuries. A recent report by the World Coal Study, directed by MIT's Carroll Wilson, figured that the world has supplies, recoverable with modern techniques at current prices, that would last 250 years at current rates of consumption. Total world supplies, including deposits that are harder to extract, are 15 times that. President Carter is not exaggerating when he calls the US the "Saudi Arabia of coal." The US leads the world in coal reserves, with 167 billion tons, nearly a third of world reserves. The Soviet Union, with 110 billion tons, is a distant second. American coal represents 81 percent of all US energy resources.

Perhaps equally important is that coal is cheap and, compared to oil and gas, getting cheaper. In 1973 oil cost almost twice as much as its fuel equivalent in coal, but this was a disadvantage more than outweighed by its relative cleanliness and lower storage costs. Natural gas was actually cheaper than coal. Since then, however, the price gap between coal and oil has widened, and natural gas prices have outstripped those of coal. A utility burning oil now has to spend about three times as much for oil as for coal. Natural gas costs about 40 percent more. Even figuring in the cost of cleaning up coal emissions, coal looks like a bargain. The industry complains that strict pollution rules will discourage the shift to coal, but other experts disagree. The World Coal Study, which advocated tripling the world's use of coal, said, "Within what can be expected as standards we believe that coal can be produced, transported, and used cleanly at costs that leave coal competitive with other fuels."

Coal's other great attraction is that it can be used now. Other alternatives to oil and gas are less accessible. Solar energy and synthetic fuels, for example, are still in an embryonic stage of technological

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development, and probably will be too expensive to contribute much to our energy needs for years or even decades. Nuclear energy presents greater potential dangers to public health and to the environment than coal. These dangers may be controllable, but right now that isn't certain. Meeting more stringent safety requirements also could greatly raise the cost of nuclear power.

So if coal has all these advantages, why does it need to be subsidized by the federal government? The nation's electric utilities already are shifting to coal. Five years ago coal provided 45 percent of the electricity generated by utilities; this year coal accounts for 52 percent. Oil's share is down from 15 percent in 1975 to 13 percent this year. Given the high price and uncertain supply of oil and the unresolved safety questions about nuclear power, coal looks like the fuel of the future, regardless of whether the federal government spends a lot of money to promote it.

The picture, however, is not all rosy. There are real problems in using more coal—not necessarily insurmountable, but still serious. The first is air pollution. Coal is exceptionally dirty to burn, and the emissions it produces are very unhealthy. Basically there are three such by-products: 1) sulfur dioxide and other sulfates, which are suspected of causing respiratory and cardiac ailments; 2) nitrogen oxides, which are known respiratory irritants; and 3) particulates, another respiratory irritant which also carries the other two. Under proposed EPA standards, coal-burning plants would have to install expensive "scrubbers" to eliminate from 70 to 90 percent of uncontrolled sulfur emissions. Nitrogen oxide limits would be reduced for most types of coal, and particulate emissions would be cut by 70 percent. One recent study concluded that these new emission standards will raise generating costs by 15 to 20 percent, which should not price coal out of the market. The same study estimated that even with these tougher standards, the price of electricity would rise by only four percent in the next 20 years. Given modern anti-pollution technology, the equation of coal with pollution is no longer a foregone conclusion.

Another traditional environmental problem associated with coal is the scarring of lands by strip mines. This is more a problem now than ever before, since American coal production has steadily shifted from underground mines to strip mines. Thirty years ago only 22 percent of US coal was produced from strip mines; today more than half is. Surface mining is particularly prevalent in western states, where most of the nation's coal reserves are believed to lie. But strip mining can be increased without widespread despoliation of the land. Under a federal law enacted in 1977, mining companies are required to restore strip-mined land to its approximate original contours, and restore its original vegetation. It also effectively prohibits strip mining in mountainous areas where restoring the land would be impossible. This law also raises the cost of producing coal, but not by much. It may, however, close off some coal reserves in mountainous areas and in dry states where the lack of water makes reclamation too expensive. But since our reserves are so vast, doing without this coal shouldn't cause any hardship. Here the only question is whether the states will conscientiously enforce the federal law when that responsibility is turned over to them next year. The poor record of many states in the years before the law was enacted gives some reason for doubt.

If the shift toward strip mines has presented the danger of more environmental damage, it also has eased another problem, namely that of miner safety. Working on a strip mine is no more dangerous than most other industrial occupations. Most mining accidents occur in underground mines, which still produce 43 percent of the nation's coal. Underground mining has become safer in recent years, thanks mostly to a miners' safety act passed in 1969, but underground mining is still very dangerous. The fatality rate has been reduced by two-thirds, and there have been no disastrous mine explosions since 1969. The rate of disabling injuries also dipped after the safety act was enacted, but has begun rising again, though it is still lower than before. This may be due partly to better reporting in recent years. The United Mine Workers also says a good pension program negotiated in 1974 induced many older miners to retire. The hiring of new workers inexperienced in dealing with mine hazards, says the UMW, caused the increase in injuries. The UMW is strongly in favor of greater coal use but says it should be accompanied by better enforcement of existing laws and better control of deadly coal dust in underground mines.

Though the coal industry and coal-burning utilities are on the way to ameliorating these problems, there are possible new ones which may prove more intractable—and a greater threat to coal use. The first is "acid rain." It is generally acknowledged that rainfall in many parts of the eastern US (and in northwestern Europe) is very acidic, and some experts blame this acid rain for destroying all fish life in most of the lakes in New York's Adirondack Mountains. Scientists also suspect it may damage soil and vegetation. It is not clear, but certainly possible, that the acidity is caused by emissions of sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides. The coal industry says the increase in acid rainfall in recent years can't be blamed on greater coal use, since total coal use is only slightly higher today than it was a quarter-century ago. It also argues that a substantial increase in sulfur dioxide emissions in western Europe in the last decade has not produced an increase in rainfall acidity. The truth is, the relation between acid rain and coal burning is still uncertain. Both the Council on Environmental Quality and the Environmental Protection Agency have characterized acid rain as a serious problem, but both also say too little is known about its causes to permit quick action against it. For

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the time being, acid rain should not be used to block a shift to a greater reliance on coal. Current standards on sulfur emissions should at least slow the development of acid rain, assuming coal combustion is the cause. If more intensive studies find that coal emissions definitely cause acid rain, however, it shouldn't be impossible to clean them up, though it may require a good deal of political courage.

Similar to the acid rain problem is the "greenhouse effect" of fossil fuel burning. Combustion of coal, oil, or natural gas produces carbon dioxide, and scientists estimate that the carbon dioxide content of the earth's atmosphere has risen 18 percent since 1900. The danger is that the accumulation of carbon dioxide caused by more burning of coal (which produces 25 percent more carbon dioxide than oil and 75 percent more than natural gas) could trigger a warming of the atmosphere, since carbon dioxide absorbs the heat from sunlight and retains it. Such a warming trend could cause the polar ice caps to melt and raise ocean levels, flooding many coastal lands. It also could cause drastic changes in agricultural conditions. But here, too, the evidence is inconclusive. It isn't clear how much fossil fuel burning contributes to the accumulation of carbon dioxide (other factors, like cutting down forests, also are blamed), and it isn't certain that this accumulation actually will raise global temperatures, since it may be at least partly self-correcting. Here, too, strong and unpalatable measures may be required if the worst fears are realized. There is plenty of time, though, to find out if the "greenhouse effect" is a real threat. Until then there is no reason not to burn more coal.

For the time being, then, the nation is reasonably safe in relying more on coal. But before it can do that some other, more immediate obstacles need to be cleared away. One is the proposed EPA rule which requires 70 to 90 percent of all sulfur to be removed from any coal emissions. This sounds like a measure to reduce air pollution, but actually it was a sop to eastern coal interests. If utilities were simply limited to a flat level of processed sulfur emissions, then they would tend to prefer western coal, which is generally lower in sulfur. But requiring utilities to remove a certain *percentage* of the sulfur emissions, regardless of how high or low the initial sulfur content, removes the advantage of western coal. It also raises the cost of burning coal, since it is cheaper to keep emissions low by using cleaner coal than to clean up dirtier coal. Moreover, this provision may actually mean dirtier air, since cleaned-up eastern coal may still be dirtier than its low-sulfur western rival.

Another obstacle is the resistance of some western states to full-scale mining. A few of them have placed heavy taxes on coal production in an effort to discourage it. This is complicated by the fact that many coal reserves in the West are owned by the federal government, which stirs some local resentment. This is one case where the needs of the entire nation, including the West, greatly outweigh the importance of western concerns about the environmental effects of mining expansion. The federal government certainly is obliged to make sure that strip mining is carefully regulated to minimize land damage, and here the cooperation of the states is badly needed. But the federal government is not obliged to let the states' exploitation of environmental fears retard energy development. The states should have some leeway in taxing coal, but Congress should impose a limit to insure that they don't stifle production.

Transporting all this coal, however, is easier said than done. Most of the nation's railbeds are in poor shape, victims of competition from the trucking industry and heavy ICC regulation. Rail is one of the cheapest ways to haul coal, though, and thanks to recent deregulation measures which give the railroads more freedom to set prices, they should be able to make enough money to afford some overdue improvements. The coal industry worries it will have to pay higher rates, and thinks this is unfair. The truth is that the coal industry will indeed have to pay higher rates, and this is perfectly fair. The prosperity of the coal industry depends on a well-maintained rail network, and a well-maintained rail network requires a prosperous railroad industry. If the coal companies are going to profit from being able to ship more coal by rail, then they should help pay the cost of keeping the railroads in good shape.

But the coal industry has a legitimate gripe about the railroads' efforts to prevent competition from coal slurry pipelines. Most of these pipelines, which transport pulverized coal mixed with water, would have to be built along rights-of-way currently held by rail companies, and few railroads are eager to help out a rival. Here the need for federal action is clear. The railroads, which were given most of their rights-of-way by the federal government, should not be allowed to use that bequest as a weapon against competitors.

A final problem in using more coal lies with state regulation of utilities. It is this problem that the Carter coal conversion bill is supposed to overcome. Many of the utilities which might convert oil- or natural gas-burning boilers to coal can't afford to. This is due in part to unfortunate investment decisions (buying nuclear reactors that have been built but not opened due to regulatory problems), in part to inconsistent federal directives (which first urged them to shift from coal to oil, then from oil to natural gas, and now back to coal), and in part to the refusal of state utility commissions to allow them to raise current electric rates in order to help pay construction costs—even though the construction would mean lower electric rates in the long run. The administration bill is an attempt to correct the effects of this last problem, when it should be trying to eliminate it completely. There are any number of ways the federal government can pressure the states to allow utilities to recover some of their construction costs right away, and it should use them. It makes no sense for the federal government to pay the utilities to do

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what they would do on their own if they were allowed to set rates at a reasonable level. Conversion to coal in most cases eventually will mean lower electric rates, which will benefit the consumers in the states affected. Since those consumers will benefit in the long run, they should pay the higher costs in the short run, instead of trying to foist them off on taxpayers in other states.

If all these obstacles could be removed, then coal would take on a greater share of the nation's energy load. That would mean lower energy costs, more reliable supplies, and less reliance on OPEC oil. Perhaps equally important, coal can give the nation time to improve the technology and lower the cost of other energy sources, such as nuclear fission and fusion and solar power. But the shift to coal is no panacea. If the nation is going to use more coal, then it should also commit itself to doing so in a manner that will not mean dirtier air or widespread ruin of land. It should also be prepared to retrench if acid rain or the greenhouse effect prove to be as dangerous as some fear. But for now, the risk is worth taking. Coal is far from a perfect fuel, but it is the only immediate way out of our current energy woes. For now, coal is the worst answer—as Churchill said of democracy—except for all the rest.

Can the *apparatchiks* negotiate the maze?

Tito's Labyrinth

by Robert F. Miller

Belgrade

Josef Broz Tito's long-anticipated death, when it finally came, was nonetheless a considerable shock to the Yugoslav people. Belgrade was unusually quiet and serious, and the special editions of the newspapers announcing his passing and the funeral arrangements quickly sold out. By the end of the week of mourning, however, some had begun to find the ceremonies and the seemingly endless hyperbolic tributes and messages of condolence from Yugoslav and foreign leaders a bit wearisome. President Carter's failure to attend the funeral apparently was less disturbing to Yugoslav leaders than Western editorial commentary would have us believe. His absence removed an element of Western pressure for Yugoslav independence, which the post-Tito leaders would like to avoid at this point. Right now they seem to be more concerned with avoiding provocation of the Russians than with courting Western public support. Washington would do well to ignore the public bravado of some Yugoslav officials who assert that their country is capable of defending her independence without external assistance.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan removed any remaining doubt as to where the main threat to the country lies. Fear of the Soviet Union, not affinity, accounts for Yugoslavia's recent reticence in condemning the Afghan action after she initially had taken the lead in orchestrating the third world's diplomatic and political campaign for Soviet withdrawal. A leading foreign affairs spokesman recently admitted to this sudden weaseling on Afghanistan; having given the initial impetus to the movement, Yugoslavia now prefers to let others carry the ball. One hopes that this is not a portent of general Yugoslav foreign policy behavior after Tito.

However, virtually everyone seems to agree that a direct Soviet military intervention in Yugoslavia is unlikely, at least in the short run. Far more serious are Yugoslavia's present economic problems. There is general agreement that the economy is currently in poor shape. The wide discrepancies in per capita GNP between the developed northern and underdeveloped southern regions of the country historically have been an important source of the country's inter-ethnic tensions. Up to now the rapid rate of national economic growth has facilitated the granting of considerable regional (republican) economic autonomy. This has permitted the siphoning of a certain amount of financial resources from the developed to the underdeveloped regions without causing excessive resentment. (It may be worth recalling that one of the main elements of the Croatian nationalist outburst in the late 1960s and early 1970s was precisely resentment over the alleged diversion of Croatia's "own" earnings to the underdeveloped republics and provinces farther south.) The 1974 constitution gave regional authorities a maximum amount of leeway in

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deciding how their earnings were to be spent. Federal investment projects financed out of special assessments on all the republics were to be subject to an effective republican veto. On the whole this settlement has worked rather well. But now that the growth rate of the national economy has declined and serious shortages of hard currency (*deviza*) are evident everywhere in the country, local self-interest threatens to predominate once again. The underdeveloped regions want to receive more of what is available, while the developed regions want to give less.

The *deviza* problem came to a head at the beginning of 1980, just as the gravity of Tito's illness became known. In January, the combined shocks of Tito's incapacity and the crisis over Afghanistan caused Yugoslavs to withdraw massive amounts of hard currency from Yugoslav banks. The situation was exacerbated by the country's sharply worsening balance of payments problem and a jump in the already high rate of domestic inflation. The official response was a drastic "stabilization program" designed to curb imports and restrain wage increases. These policies were certainly unpopular with consumers and wage-earners, but Tito's presumed endorsement from his sickbed made them generally acceptable, and there was remarkably little disruption of established self-management and inter-republican consultation procedures. Wisely, no freeze was ordered on citizens' withdrawals from their hard currency accounts, and the earlier panic gradually was overcome. Whether the situation would have been handled so rationally in Tito's absence is an interesting question.

Whatever the answer, the *deviza* problem is far from solved. Its causes are deeply imbedded in the structure of the Yugoslav model of economic development. One of the consequences of the abandonment of the Soviet model in the 1950s and the subsequent evolution of a Western-oriented variant of a socialist economy was the growth of a large number of industries heavily dependent on imported Western components. The shortage of *deviza* to pay for these essential components (and for increasingly costly fuel imports) has forced significant retrenchments in industrial employment even in the more prosperous and technically advanced northern republics. With unemployment already over 10 percent and the opportunities for "exporting" surplus labor to Western Europe now severely restricted, the domestic social consequences could be serious indeed. Hopes for the future rest heavily on suitable credit and export market arrangements with the European Economic Community.

But there are other structural flaws in the Yugoslav economy which threaten the continued health and stability of the system. The vestigial Soviet-style socialist and/or technocratic biases shared by leading Yugoslav political and economic decision-makers have fostered the growth of large-scale production and marketing monopolies in a number of major economic sectors, largely nullifying the original purposes of the "socialist-market" system of resource allocation. As is usually the case with monopolies, the results have been highly inflationary price-setting practices and reduced production and marketing efficiency. Monopoly producers and trading companies are able to obtain the prices they desire by simply sitting on their products until the price control authorities give in. At present, this charade is affecting the detergent and coffee markets.

Ironically, the problem is compounded by the Yugoslavs' hallowed system of worker self-management. Workers' councils in the monopoly enterprises are only too happy to vote in favor of price-fixing arrangements which guarantee secure profits and high wages. The regime actually fosters the formation of these monopolies by encouraging smaller enterprises to amalgamate and to enter into various kinds of price-setting and market-sharing agreements under the rubric of so-called "self-management agreements" and "social compacts." On the surface, these procedures appear to allow the workers themselves to vote on their employment, investment, and distribution policies, and this is their avowed purpose. But the reality is that they foster collusive economic practices and the application of political pressures on the economic system. In any case, they seriously encumber the operation of the market mechanism, much to the detriment of workers employed in non-monopolistic enterprises as well as the consuming public at large.

Yugoslavia's current balance of payments problem is perhaps even more serious, at least in the short run. Though import restrictions were mandated by the recent stabilization effort, foreign debt repayment and interest on loans are still costing the country close to $2.5 billion annually, and in 1979 exports covered less than 50 percent of the cost of imports. Trade with the Soviet Bloc (normally 30 to 40 percent of total Yugoslav trade) customarily has been a useful safety valve for the Yugoslav economy, since it has allowed the disposal of unsalable products on Western markets and thus kept a significant part of the labor force fully employed. Unfortunately, these sales do not earn *deviza*, and the products offered by the Bloc partners as compensation are not as desirable as alternative Western products. Nevertheless, Soviet Bloc trade is better than no trade at all.

In the absence of additional Western hard-currency loans and credits or, preferably, markets for Yugoslav exports, there is the danger that the import restrictions will force the Yugoslavs to re-orient their economic ties more heavily toward the East. While this increased economic dependence on Moscow would not necessarily produce greater political dependence, the tendency clearly would be in that direction. And the implications for the domestic Yugoslav economic system (more attention to centralized state planning, non-economic investment criteria, etc.) might be difficult to reverse

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without the decisive policy-making authority of a Tito. Moreover, for the conventional *apparatchiks* who abound in Yugoslav decision-making circles, this long-term reorientation toward the command-economy part of the world might appear as a "softer" option than meeting the stringent demands of Western financial institutions.

While it obviously would be incorrect to classify the current Yugoslav system as totalitarian, few with substantial knowledge of its inner workings (or acquaintance with its victims and pariahs) would deny that it has remained essentially an authoritarian system with many of the characteristics of its orthodox Marxist-Leninist heritage. The Yugoslav human rights record has not been nearly as good as Tito's PR men have led the West to believe. Western diplomats and academics have been especially gullible in this respect, perhaps because Yugoslav officials and scholars always have seemed so frank and open in conceding the Yugoslav failure—as yet—to implement fully the noble theoretical postulates of worker self-management and democratic socialism.

Established scholars, for example, still are denied teaching posts on grounds of alleged "moral-political unsuitability" for their past criticism of the system. When a number of expelled faculty members in Belgrade attempted to hold a series of private seminars and lectures not long ago, some of the organizers were called in to the security police and threatened with dire consequences if they persisted in their "subversive" activities. Such vigilance on the part of the political and police authorities always has been a factor in Yugoslav political life. Democratic centralism and party control over all responsible personnel appointments—from governmental bureau and business directorships to university lectureships—remain the key operational principles of the League of Communists of Yugoslavia, as the party has been called since 1952.

In short, the essential paraphernalia of a communist political system has thrived behind the unorthodox rhetorical and institutional facade of Tito's Yugoslavia. Tito, however, was not a Stalin. He had little of Stalin's paranoid obsession with the minutiae of political and psychological control over his subordinates. But he left no doubt that he was the final arbiter on all important policy questions and major personnel appointments. Those who earned his displeasure and were cast by the political wayside never had to fear the loss of anything but their positions and reflected power (and, as in the case of Djilas, their freedom, too, from time to time).

Nevertheless, Tito himself was always to some extent a prisoner of his own legacy. He had, after all, served Stalin for a substantial period as a loyal Comintern functionary. De-collectivization of agriculture, far-reaching economic reforms, and permission for surplus workers to emigrate certainly were motivated by economic expediency. The appearance of liberalism these measures conjured up in the West, from which economic aid continually was being sought, was a useful, if not always fully welcome bonus, and Tito played it for all it was worth. But he was always careful to preserve for himself and the party the essentials of political control.

The institutions so proudly hailed by Yugoslav propagandists—worker self-management, decentralized administration, territorial defense, non-alignment—are most essentially mechanisms to take the politics out of intensely political situations. The elaborate succession machinery of leading state and party bodies—the collective state presidency of eight members and the collective League of Communists of Yugoslavia Presidium of 23, with annually rotated chairmen selected in accordance with rigid sequential procedures—is designed to achieve the same purpose.

Tito evidently was afraid to allow the very political processes by which he had come to power and by which he had won the right to exclusive judgment on policy matters to operate among his successors. Given the many tensions and fissures existing in contemporary Yugoslav society, his fears may turn out to have been well founded. But without the overwhelmingly authoritative presence of Tito to defuse political crises, it is almost certain that full-fledged politics will return once again, despite the complex mechanisms he devised to keep it at bay. Moreover, Tito's customary practice of excluding from the leadership anyone with the slightest sign of ambition for independent power or with too strong a local political base has left a group of successors accustomed to looking to the top of the political hierarchy for instructions and solutions. The present group of party and state leaders appears to lack individuals with the requisite authority for making the hard economic and foreign policy decisions that are sure to arise now that Tito is gone. Given the past insecurity and dependency of personal tenure in leading party and state bodies and the premium placed on loyalty to Tito, there is a danger that the politics of the successor collectives will be more concerned with blocking the rise of individual contenders for power than with confronting difficult policy issues head-on.

The system obviously needs a leader, and the sooner the better. For the moment, the rigid rules of rotation and consultation will have to be followed, if only to preserve the appearance of continuity. Thus Cvijetin Mijatović, a Serb from Bosnia, has just been installed for the prescribed one-year term as president of the collective state presidency. The next rotation of the chairmanship of the LCY Presidium is scheduled to take place in October. By then, some indication of the direction the inevitably resurgent high-level politics will take should be more clearly evident. In the meantime we shall all hope that the collective leaders will not take the easy way out by reverting to authoritarian solutions to the country's myriad economic and social problems, nor by attempting to buy Moscow's favor by playing down Yugoslavia's commitment to genuine non-alignment.

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1 Between 1959 and 1976, personal health care expenditures increased almost twelvefold from $10.4 billion to $120.4 billion. Ten percent of the federal budget is now spent on personal health care, almost $34 billion in 1976 alone.

2 Health Systems Agencies were created as part of the National Health Planning and Resources Development Act of 1974. Their mandate is to improve the health of the American people: continuity and quality of health services; restrain increases in the cost of providing health services and prevent unnecessary duplication of health services.

3 In a recent survey by the American Health Planning Association, health planning agencies across the country reported that in one two-year period they were instrumental in preventing over $3 billion in capital investment for health care facilities. It's also important to note that there have been no indications that the quality of medical care has been impaired by their efforts.

4 It's estimated that 100,000 short term hospital beds stand idle—an idle bed costing almost 60% as much to maintain as one in use. Blue Cross recently noted that health care providers in southern California are reported to have ordered or installed enough $500,000 CAT scanners to serve the entire western United States.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Bull and Fantasy

Which came first, the chicken of ethos or the egg of pop art? Do pop novels and films draw their standards from observation of life around them, or do people imitate the standards and strophes of pop art? Allowing for some overlap, I vote for the second alternative. Through history, the masses—a term that, in this cultural aspect, includes many of the rich—have been told how to value and how to behave by rulers of state and religion; and those rulers have been supported for some centuries by the makers of pop art and for one century by engulfing media. The slyest triumph of this sovereignty is to disguise it as independence. Every blowhard, blowing off in a neighborhood bar or a luxe country club about Iran, thinks he's exercising the American right to free opinion when he's mimicking the patriotic stances of pop novels and films and is mouthing what he has been fed. And every character in *Urban Cowboy* thinks he/she is living free when each of them is really obeying the movies.

This film, written by James Bridges and Aaron Latham, is based on an *Esquire* article by Latham about an oil-plant worker in Houston who lives by the "Cowboy Code." He, his relatives, and friends are as confused as America about where life is going, says Latham, "and when America is confused, it turns to its most durable myth: the cowboy." Concede some regional adaptations, and that line may be fundamentally true; but the point is that the myth of the cowboy doesn't come from the history of the cowboy, it comes from Westerns—fiction and (19th-century) plays and films. Decades ago Bernard De Voto tried to explode the fakery of the cowboy myth with the facts about the cowboy. De Voto failed, of course—just got rolled right over by the mob hungry for non-truth. The Western was what was wanted, not the West.

Next, the question of where the fabricators of Westerns got the myth. It has some décor of fact, obviously, applied to the fantasies of the frustrated; even more surely, it articulates the values and goals that rulers want people to revere. The Western is a form of melodrama, and the historical function of melodrama—a form that rose with the Industrial Revolution—is to show justice being ultimately done. Thus it reconciles viewers and readers to the unjust conditions of their lives by assuring them that wrongs will be redressed here or hereafter, no matter how things look at the moment; and thus it assures them that the ethics and obediences by which they live are sound and that they themselves are the salt of the earth, no matter how poor or harried their lives. *Way Down East*, play and film, was seen by millions of farm people who knew that it did not represent the grim conditions of farm life, but it did warrant the audience's inner worth, their rightness in drudging as they did. Western novels, as I know first-hand from publishing some, are read—mostly, I think—by people in the West, most of them cowboys. They know how unreal those novels are; but also they want *not* to know that, they want fantasies about their lives, the consolations and assurances of the myth. They—like the farmers at *Way Down East*—need those consolations even more than others uninvolved in those particular realities.

I thought about these things during *Urban Cowboy*. (I had to do *something*.) The film's wrinkle is that increasing numbers of people in the West now have to live in cities and take citified jobs, but they don't want to give up the Western myth, they want to find ways to apply and maintain it. The gimmick here is an electric bull, which provides hazard, in a tremendous bar in Houston, which is an indoor analogue for outdoors. The men wear hardhats in their plant jobs but otherwise they wear cowboy clothes; and they go to this bar and ride this motorized bucking bull, run by an operator who tries to throw them, as a test of manhood and a means of winning women.

The film's ironies—the mechanical substitute, the attempt to accommodate the straitened present to the free-booting past—are immediately clear, and the picture never goes beyond them. The deeper irony, I think, is that the myth whose "freedom" they want to preserve was manufactured almost as mechanically as that electric bull. This is—unwittingly, I'd say—substantiated by the fact that the plot which Bridges and Latham have concocted to dramatize the original article (based partially on some factual material) is pure Zane Grey. There are a hero and a heavy, the hero's girl is attracted to the heavy, so the hero trains himself in the heavy's skill, eventually beats him at it, and wins his girl back. The heavy then shows his rattiness by not accepting defeat, by trying to abduct the girl, but the hero has now grown to the point where he can sock the heavy on the jaw and embrace the girl, while the heavy is led away in handcuffs. Under the mod embellishments of beer-swilling, profanity, and swinging sex is a script that would have been familiar to Tom Mix and Buck Jones. Did Bridges and Latham know that, in their plot, they were revisiting an archetypal source of

Films Worth Seeing

Fame. New York's High School of Performing Arts. Dull in the plot, dynamite in the performing.

Kramer vs. Kramer. Contemporary US film acting at its best. Contemporary US script writing at its middlebrow soggiest.

My Brilliant Career. A turn-of-the-century Australian girl getting out from down under. Spirit, charm, strength.

Norma Rae. Sally Field is fine as a fighting proletarian today. New wine in old battles.

SK

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the ethos by which their characters live? Maybe that's no more than to ask whether the boy on the cereal box, who is holding a cereal box with a picture of a boy holding a cereal box, knows that he's part of a series leading back into invisible infinity.

The script even has a mildly altered version of the dance-hall hostess who "understands" the hero and, at the right moment, lets him return to the "nice" girl. The other woman is played by Madolyn Smith, who is gorgeous. Scott Glenn is the lean heavy, a frankly sexual figure who, before he ever meets them, menaces the hero and heroine. (The "nice" pair marry early in this version.) Glenn's role is written and directed and played like a law brief that cites 500 precedents.

John Travolta is the hero, I'm sorry to say. He's very appealing, and he's an adequate actor despite his squeaky voice, but he's badly miscast here. He doesn't look like or convey the man he's meant to be, which would be true even if the script had some vitality. The fact that Travolta made this picture after the *Moment by Moment* bomb suggests that he's being mismanaged. Even if *Urban Cowboy* succeeds—something I don't know and can't guess—I'll still feel that the film world isn't making optimum use of him.

James Bridges, who directed *The China Syndrome* with such crackle, is unable to do much more here than lay out lucidly this laid-out script. Bridges's best moments are the physically dangerous ones in the oil plant where the film implies that these men really hunger for these dangers and the comradeship they summon. But mostly the picture never gets deeper than its surface ironies.

The Island, made from Peter Benchley's scare novel, actually has a few scares in it, which puts it ahead of the much more grandiloquent Stanley Kubrick film, *The Shining*. The basis of *The Island* is an old fantasy, not an old ethical myth. Benchley, who played on castration and rape fears in *Jaws* (all that biting from below), here revives the boyish daydream of pirates and the Spanish Main, adjusted to the present and to sexual content so that it can include adults of both sexes. There's something jolly about it, even though *The Island* has plenty of skull-splitting and throat-slitting and a machine-gun finish seemingly sired by *The Wild Bunch*. The idea of a band of pirates on a hidden Caribbean island, descendants of a band that landed there 300 years before, who live by sacking boats and ships, has a tickle in it of the sardonically juvenile.

The plot doesn't matter. Michael Caine is in it, apparently—in the leading role of the journalist who discovers things. He's accompanied by his 12-year-old son who really begins to believe the pirate code. (This was clever, to acknowledge and advance the juvenility of the idea by including an actual juvenile.) A replacement has been found in Movieland for the late Cecil Kellaway—an English actor named Frank Middlemass, here a hypocritical doctor. Michael Ritchie directed, with no touch of the concerns and the styles with which he began—in *Downhill Racer* and *The Candidate*.

I enjoyed something else in *The Island*. Benchley wrote dialogue for his pirates in diction that sounds like antique English heard on a stuttering radio; all of them—except their chief, the always unbearable David Warner—speak it with flavor and odd rhythm. None of us really knows what English speech sounded like three centuries ago or what it would sound like now, preserved in isolation. But these pirates at least speak with inner consistency, with relish and conviction. It's a subtle little achievement.

Surviving in the 1980s.

I Want to Be Me and Rich

by Nicholas von Hoffman

The focus of the locus of the Me Generation has moved from oxygen absorption rates to interest rates. In the 1980s, coin jingles in the jogger's sweat suit; he pounds down the pathways of good health, his mind less occupied with self and more with peif.

The book business, ever sensitive to shifts in interests and anxieties, is responding by tapering off the sex manuals, the gourmet and gastronomic works, by canceling plans for volume three of the *Runner's Guide to the Hamstring Muscle*—stretching without pulling it through the mid-life crisis. Instead we are being blessed with an outpouring of books on saving or increasing the contents of your wallet. Many have subtitles beginning with the words, "How to—," or the word profit appears in very large letters on the books' covers.

We've examined the last 11 delivered by the postperson. Who can say whether they represent the full range on the wisdom to foolishness scale? Eleven in a row exceeds government-set mental health safety limits, so if you care to read any of the skillion more books on the general subject of getting rich or avoiding getting poor, you can't say you weren't warned.

For those whose spirits still tarry in the 1970s, or even as far back as the 1960s, we recommend Srully Blotnick, PhD's soon-to-be published *Getting Rich Your Own Way* (Doubleday). The title itself conveys the notion that Dr. Blotnick is not yet ready to share in the bottom-line brutalities of the 1980s. In conversation he probably still uses expressions like getting one's shit together, for the drift of his book is that once one does, once one has it nicely compacted, it can be exchanged for a multiple of its weight in gold.

Dig, as they used to say, this passage of pure, simple-minded pop-psych-soc:

> Some people don't care about becoming rich. But if you do, the fact you don't *feel* [italics Dr. Blotnick's] adequately paid will probably make you try harder to earn more money. In some cases, that will be no tragedy. It may cause you to work longer and more diligently, hence later result in an increase in your earnings. Yet, bizarre as this may sound to you, the overwhelming majority of people we studied were already trying much too hard to become rich.

Dr. Blotnick's opus will sell for $10.95. The publisher does not indicate if, for payment, he will accept the food stamps students of this book will be eligible for. Like *Getting Rich Your Own Way*, *Cosmic Profit: How To Make Money Without Doing Time* (Little, Brown) is also for those who'd prefer to sidle their way into the awful 1980s: it is a book for those who come into the harsh light of the decade with their eyes dilated by the chemistry of the near past's groovier years. This

Nicholas von Hoffman will be writing a regular financial advice column for *TNR*.

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passage about a couple of entrepreneurial brothers who own a cannery in Salmon Bay, California, illustrates:

> . . . a typical day at the Gondt Brothers began with a group powwow smoking the best dope available, and the entire working day (or night) was interrupted by short breaks for the purpose of getting loaded. On special days, when Santa came the night before, a tiny bit of cocaine might appear, or a lump of Afghani hashish, or some other exotic substance. Beer was always available and free. 'If you gotta fish all day,' Jim Gondt said through a two-day-growth of beard, 'you might as well be somewhere else in your head.'

Raymond Mungo, *Cosmic Profit*'s author who is currently the religion editor of *Mother Jones*, was "Famous Long Ago," to use the title of one of his earlier books, back in the years of extravagant protest. In this book, which is essentially a collection of brief histories of entrepreneurial success, he argues that red ink isn't necessarily a sign of virtue. You can make it in your head and you can make it down at the bank:

> The big idea in Boulder [Colorado] is to go talk to Mo Siegel at Celestial Seasonings, because of all the hip businesses, this company is perhaps the best-known. . . . It's also fabulously successful. With $9 million in sales and about 200 employees by 1978, it has an energy to grow that is continually *burning* [italics aren't mine].

For most of us, the story of Mo Siegel's business career, hip though it may be, is as useful as reading about how Andrew Carnegie made his first $100 million. We are not a nation of shopkeepers; less yet will we start some other kind of business, so that Mungo's *histoires* of dedicated anti-war types making it big by developing national distribution for natural sandals will avail us less than the $9.95 he's charging for this little book ($5.95 paperback).

To be cosmic isn't automatically to be hippy. For a buck more you can buy *Up the Down Dollar: A Realist's Guide to the Marketplace* (Doubleday), by Edward Meadows, an editor of *Fortune* magazine. This is a long, loud, cosmographical snort about everything economic and therefore about not quite anything really. There are many, too many, passages in which grouchy conservative platitudes rattle about like early morning steam in a radiator pipe: "the fact is that most corporations are more or less innocent of the kind of conspiratorial wrong-doing of which rhetoricians and the public accuse them. The people who manage companies are hardly able to do that job, much less run power plays behind the curtains." The power plays in front of the curtains should be sufficient to keep all idle rhetoricians busy.

Dick Cluster, Nancy Rutter, and the staff of *Dollars & Sense* magazine do for the liberal-leftish cosmographical view what Meadows accomplishes for thems that bats from the right side of the plate. In *Shrinking Dollars/Vanishing Jobs: Why the Economy Isn't Working for You* (Beacon Press; $11.95, $5.95 paper), you may read about oil monopolists and other undesirables in the neighborhood. Cluster and Rutter are easier to take because they don't make such a mucous-spew as the het-up Meadows. Which is not to say that both books don't tell us things that are important, even true perhaps, certainly things worth thinking about, but things most of us have been listening to for some years.

On the cover of *Shrinking Dollars*, etc., a little red tag alerts book buyers to "Special Section: How to Survive." In fact, it is a list of books and publications, many items of which are praiseworthy and perhaps helpful to the pauperized and angry voter, but not to the would-be economic surviver. For him or her, there is a book, *How You Can Profit From Gold* (Arlington House; $14.95) by Sinclair & Schultz, an update of a work issued five years ago under a different title. Had you bought the book then and followed its advice, you indeed would have profited from gold. Had you followed the same advice a few months ago, just before the price of that troublesome metal swooned from around $800 an ounce to its current resting place at about $500, you'd have dis-profited handsomely, to coin an unneeded ugly neologism for a business lexicon that cherishes terms like negative cash flow.

If you care to invest in gold, this is the book for you. It contains explanations of all the ways, directly through bullion and coin, or indirectly through mining stocks, that you can put your money in gold, presuming you have any money.

Generally speaking, people who tout gold are social pessimists. They anticipate the end of government-fiat money, mass muggery, and a return to barter with the only acceptable medium of exchange being gold. For those of a less morosely pessimistic turn of mind, there is Jerome Tuccille's *The Optimist's Guide to Making Money in the 1980's*: "A Complete Program for Investing in the American Economic Miracle of the Next Decade" (Morrow; $4.95). *Quien sabe*, Tonto, if Mr. Tuccille is right, take his advice. His book was written a couple of years ago, so we have a chance to test out how good that advice may be.

He tells how his friend Maurice came to see him, insisting he wanted to be touted onto a safe investment that would yield him 10 percent.

THE BEHOLDER

Deep lake, surfaced sky that a drop disrupts,
The beholder is one not wooed by stages.
Will he look for light in your flawed water?

Ideals nurtured in a far other air
Summon him to your persuasive body,
Deep lake, surfaced sky that a drop disrupts.

Narcissus became his own pastoral,
The beholder's I, a reflective beauty.
Did he look for light in your flawed water?

A beholding that is proof against all
Disproof—won't he prefer it to any
Deep lake, surfaced sky that a drop disrupts?

Echo's voice was just a trompe-l'oreille, his own
Sent back fainter from where he never was.
Would he look for light in that flawed mimicry?

His sun rises on a new-found pleasure.
Deep lake, surfaced self that no drop disrupts,
An inward eye mirrors the purest blue.
He looks for light in his own clear water.

Alfred Corn

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> I recommended some ten-year Chrysler notes that would be coming out later that week. . . . Maurice decided to plunk down twenty grand for the Chrysler notes which finally yielded 9 and five-eighths percent, a trifle short of his mark.

Tuccille writes that his friend Maurice wasn't satisfied. He complained he wasn't getting the 10 percent he had hoped for. "Now I became exasperated and started to run a bit thin on patience," Mr. Tuccille tells us.

> 'For Christ's sake, Maurice,' I yelled. 'You told me you wanted a risk-free investment. Sure I can get you ten percent. I can get you *twenty percent* [emphasis Tuccille's] if you don't mind losing a little sleep.'

So presumably Maurice slept while his money vanished. As of a couple of days ago, Maurice would have been able to get only about $10,000 or half of his money if he decided to sell the notes. So much for "risk-free" investment. Or store not up your goodies where the mouths of the speculators can get 'em, Honey Chile.

This does not make a dunce of Tuccille. He knows a lot about the market, and in the book he shows you a way that you may take a fairly small amount of money and turn it into a largish amount. It involves playing puts and calls, that is, buying options or the right to buy or sell stocks at a stated price at a stated future time. If you know nothing about puts but what you will learn in Tuccille's book, you don't know enough to be playing 'em, and if you know enough to be playing 'em, you don't need Tuccille's book.

Only people who spend their vacations at Las Vegas or Atlantic City need Don Abram's *The Profit Taker: The Proven, Rapid Money-Maker in Good and Bad Markets* (Wiley; $9.95). Keep this book out of the hands of credulous or greedy friends. Don't let them read Abrams's assertion that,

> A fallacious yet common belief exists that there is a direct relationship between risk and profit potential. That is, if you take small risks, you must expect small profits. Conversely, if you take extravagant risks, then you must forfeit a large degree of security. Not true! The Concept of the Abrams Automatic Profit-Taker will, I hope, destroy this myth.

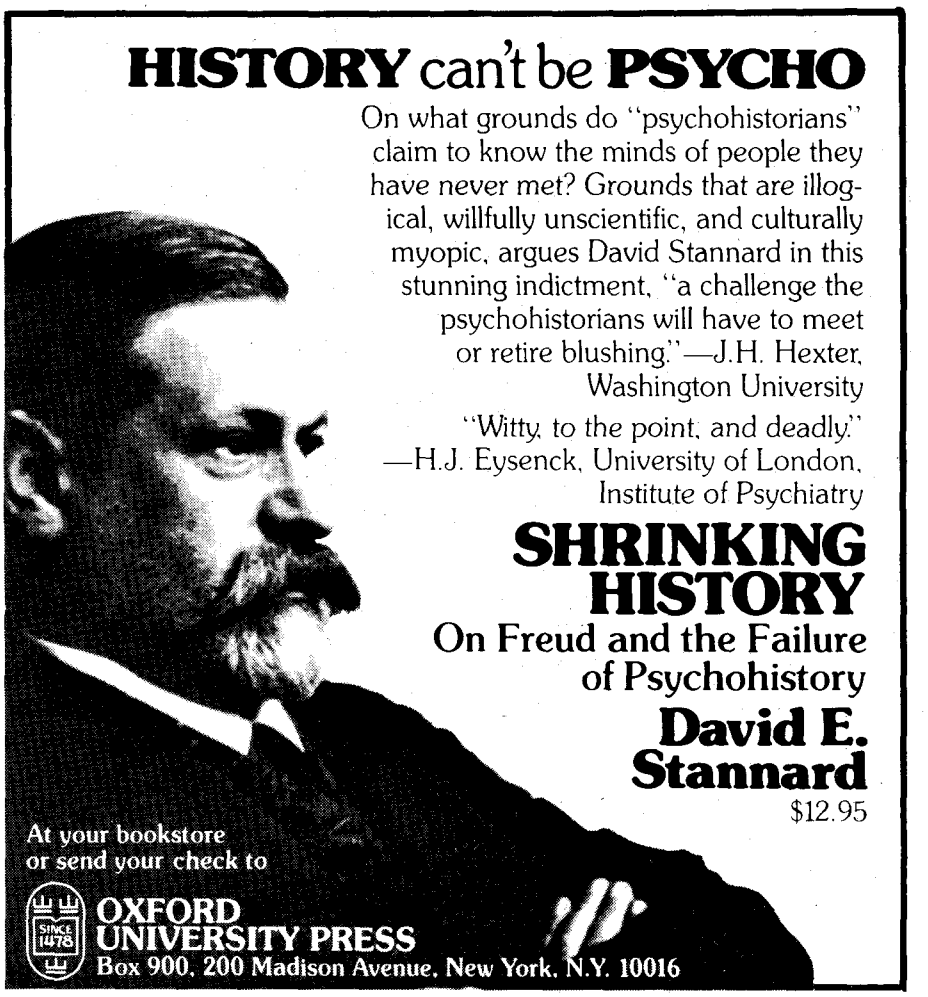
Alas, if you follow Abrams's plan you will automatically make your stockbroker rich. Whether you'll make yourself rich is another matter. The Abrams scheme is technically feasible and theoretically beguiling, just difficult to carry out with a profit. The underlying assumptions must hold and, if they do, the profits have to be large enough so that the commissions from the endless trading involved don't schlurp up such cream as there might be.

Abrams claims his method will make you "money *no matter how the market moves.*" (I again disclaim responsibility for the italics so many of our authors appear to think are necessary to convey their meaning.) You can make money in a downward-falling bear market, but as Nelson Bunker Hunt can tell you, just being rich isn't enough to do it. You gotta be smart, so the best thing would be that the great golden bull would return to graze on Wall Street. In a bull market, even your idiot stockbroker, truly a special class of business dwarf, can make money when the price of all the stocks goes up every day.

Burton Malkiel isn't quite that sanguine, but he tells you how he thinks you can make money on the market these next few years in *The Inflation Beater's Investment Guide: Winning Strategies for the 1980's* (Norton; $8.95). Even though Malkiel is an economist and former member of the Council of Economic Advisers, and should ipsibus factibus be hooted, stoned, and jeered, he is very smart man with a lot of sound information about the markets. Check back around 1990 to see if he also was right about his winning strategies for the 1980s.

It was Malkiel who in 1973 published *A Random Walk Down Wall Street* which demonstrated that statistically you'd have a better chance of picking money-makers by throwing a dart at the stock tables in the *Wall Street Journal* than by listening to E.F. Hutton or most any other service claiming to be able to predict the motion of prices. So convinced is Malkiel, for some persuasive reasons one should add, that the market is a good place to put one's money, that he's written this new book to assist readers in doing it without making the mistake of trying to pick a stock himself or heeding the mistaken advice of the imbecile with whom you do business down at the brokers'.

In the end our author says that there are a few, a very few, people who do have long and highly profitable track records in picking stocks, the best being the fabled John Marks Templeton, who has been beating the averages for his clients for more than 40 years. Read this book and you will get some idea how, but don't delude yourself into thinking that you're another Templeton. Templeton


HISTORY can't be PSYCHO
On what grounds do "psychohistorians" claim to know the minds of people they have never met? Grounds that are illogical, willfully unscientific, and culturally myopic, argues David Stannard in this stunning indictment, "a challenge the psychohistorians will have to meet or retire blushing."—J.H. Hexter, Washington University
"Witty, to the point, and deadly."
—H.J. Eysenck, University of London, Institute of Psychiatry
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never has made any particular secret of his methods and procedures, but while he has many imitators, he doesn't have very many rich imitators. In addition to knowing a lot, spending all his time at it, and being an excellent businessman, he also has a special intuition and judgment most of us don't have.

Nevertheless, Malkiel's book is useful for the small percentage of us who trade stocks. So is Ray Dirks's *The Dirks Investment Formula: Heads You Win/Tails You Win* (Stein & Day; $10.95). This book illustrates why it is a mistake to read more than one of these books. They contradict each other. *Vide* Dirks discussing Malkiel's random walking through Wall Street: "This theory is one beloved by the stock market's intellectuals. . . . This theory is so ludicrous that I have difficulty discussing it." In actuality, Dirks, another admirer of Templeton's, isn't far apart from his opponent, but it turns out his "investment formula" really isn't a formula but a fairly complex and sophisticated way of making your living off the market. For thems what are engrossed by the subject and stand ready to invest as much time as money, the Dirks book also will help.

Morton Shulman's book, *How to Invest Your Money and Profit from Inflation* (Random; $9.95), could get you into a peck of problems. It has some good ideas and cutesy tricks in it but it's too facile and it's too quick a read for the crazy person who might want to speculate in Mexican peso futures. The advice in the end of the book titled "Three Plans to Follow" most likely will put you in bankruptcy if you do. In all fairness to Shulman, they were sensible enough when they were written, but circumstances change and that's the problem with didactic, too-quickly-written how-to books. They don't teach judgment, but then what does?

If Shulman's offering has the slapdash of a 10-minute coffee break conversation to it, the same will not be said of Whitman's and Shubik's carefully if soporifically assembled volume. Anything with a name like this isn't written; it's built: *The Aggressive-Conservative Investor: How to invest in securities with greater confidence and comfort, using methods designed to minimize risk without sacrificing potential reward* (Random House; $15.95).

This is a big, loud, dull, accurate book for people who are on the verge of taking up investing as a full-time career and want to know if they can stand it. You'll know Wall Street is your métier if you want to read on after a passage like this Nembutal tablet:

> This tax-loss carry-back feature is especially useful when a profitable business is available for acquisition at a price well below net asset value as showing on the tax records. . . . Examples of such transactions abound. They include the purchase of Cletrac by White Motors; of American Viscose by FMC; of New York Trap Rock by Lazard Freres and Lone Star Cement. . . .

A very useful book for a very few people.

Notice, though, Blotnik and Mungo aside, all our authors assume the reader has at least money to make more money. Given the day-to-day predicaments of most people at the supermarket checkout counter and at monthly Master Charge bill time, none of those books will help. Isolates, singletons here or there, can beat inflation or recession on their very own. That leaves 220 million who don't need automatic formulas but do need a well-run society.

Assassination on Embassy Row
by John Dinges and Saul Landau
(Pantheon; $11.95)

It would be hard to find a less objective reviewer for this book. *Assassination on Embassy Row* is the true story of two murders that took place a few hundred yards from my office on September 21, 1976. The two victims, Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffitt, were dear friends and associates and so are their families. I have talked to the FBI agents on the case and know many of the minor characters. Saul Landau, one of the authors, is a beloved colleague. I could not read this extraordinarily compelling account of a political murder without weeping, for I have been living with the horror of it since the day the assassin's bomb went off.

The book reads like a thriller because the authors have been able to reconstruct step by step the events that led to the explosion on Sheridan Circle and the death of a Chilean diplomat and a young American woman. The authors had complete access to the story of the final days of the victims and they are able to dramatize that curious mixture of fate and accident that led a young woman from Passaic, New Jersey, into a murderer's web spun 5000 miles away in Santiago. But they also provide a remarkably convincing account of the assassins' moves reconstructed from thousands of pages of testimony. They follow Michael Townley, the man who made and placed the bomb, every step of the way from the moment he received his instructions from General Pinochet's close associate, Manuel Contreras Sepulveda, the head of DINA, the Chilean secret police, to the instant the bomb is detonated from a remote control device in a car following close behind Letelier's Chevelle.

The character sketches of the assassins and their target bring the book to life. The account of Orlando Letelier is a loving portrait, not a fully rounded one. Still, his virtues led to his death, and these the authors catch beautifully. Orlando Letelier was a gifted diplomat and a brave man. These were the qualities that doomed him. For Pinochet, any man who knew the truth about what was happening in Chile and was trusted by politicians and diplomats across the political spectrum was a threat. Letelier represented the legitimacy of the Chilean tradition just as Pinochet epitomized the deformation of Chilean democracy. Orlando was urbane, a good singer, a loving father, witty, a respected economist, and an effective bureaucrat who managed the staggering transformations in his life—from bank official to minister to torture victim to exile—with dignity and good humor. Exactly because Letelier was not doctrinaire and could explain the Chilean situation, including the failures of the *Unidad Popular*, in Georgetown drawing rooms and in European parliament offices, he threatened the security of the Junta just by living out his life. He made it clear that he could not be intimidated. He had to be removed.

The man for the job was Michael Townley, the son of the general manager of the Ford assembly plant in Santiago, an American. He had tried his hand at being a salesman, first for Collier's Encyclopedia, then for Bernard Cornfield's Investors' Overseas Ser-

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vices. A tinkerer by nature, in his teens he became a collector of electronic gadgets. A stay in the Cuban exile community in Miami reinforced the fierce anti-communism he learned at home from his father. By 1970, when the Socialist party leader, Salvador Allende, was elected, Townley was ready to return to Chile to do battle with the left. He joined the right-wing anti-Semitic activist group *Patria y Libertad* and established contacts with the US embassy. By now he was an explosives expert and had organized a "brigade" to harass the government and its supporters.

The authors have collected considerable information about Townley from his wife, some of whose letters are quoted at length. They describe the evolution of the tinkerer into a murderer against the background of the seething political struggle inside Chile. After the coup of September 11, 1973, Townley went to work for DINA. The head of DINA, General Contreras, enlisted him as a professional assassin. He was to "eliminate some of the people" at a human rights conference organized in Mexico City by the Chilean Socialist and Communist parties in exile. He organized the attempted assassination in Rome of Bernardo Leighton, an exiled Christian Democratic leader. Earlier in Buenos Aires, he personally had liquidated General Carlo Prats, Pinochet's predecessor as commander in chief of the army. A strong backer of the Chilean constitution, Prats was writing his memoirs, quite enough in Pinochet's eyes to merit assassination. The method employed was a bomb in Prat's car, a dress rehearsal for the assassination on Embassy Row two years later.

The authors skillfully take the reader into the underbelly of the national security state. Indeed, beyond telling a gripping story, that is the great contribution of the book. By interviewing Cuban exiles and making use of Townley's testimony and his wife's letters, Dinges and Landau offer glimpses into the subculture of official crime. The role of Paraguayan intelligence in facilitating the assassins' secret entry into the US is detailed. The authors show how governments hire thugs in the name of patriotism, how Corsican gangsters and gunmen, remnants of the French Secret Army Organization, and Spanish intelligence agencies helped Townley, and how it was arranged for the Chilean airlines LAN to carry, knowingly, the murder weapon, a remote control device and explosives, in its baggage compartment.

The second half of the book describes the remarkable investigation that led to the indictment of General Contreras and a prison term for Townley and his Cuban co-conspirators. US intelligence agencies were reluctant to conclude that their Chilean counterparts were responsible but special FBI agents Cornick and Scherrer were zealous in pursuit of the murderers. Exactly a week after the assassination, a Defense Intelligence Agency cable concluded "The reach of DINA—cited as responsible—almost certainly (80 percent) does not extend to the United States." On the same day the FBI agent in Buenos Aires who had uncovered the existence of Operation Condor sent a top-secret cable:

> Operation Condor is the code name for the collection, exchange and storage of intelligence data concerning leftists, communists and Marxists which was recently established between the cooperating services in South America in order to eliminate Marxist terrorists and their activities in the area. . . . A third and more secret phase of Operation Condor in-

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A Study in Character and Destiny

MAX LERNER

A former editor of *The Nation* and professor at Harvard, Williams College, and Brandeis University, Max Lerner is the author of more than sixteen books, including the bestselling *America as a Civilization*. He writes a syndicated column that appears regularly in newspapers throughout the United States.

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volves the formation of special teams from member countries to travel anywhere in the world to non-member countries to carry out sanctions, [including] assassinations, against terrorists or supporters of terrorist organizations from Operation Condor member countries.

Step by step the authors describe the closing of the net on the conspirators and document the considerable efforts of US "intelligence sources" to steer the investigation away from DINA. There are disturbing indications that information about the travel movements of the conspirators was in the hands of US officials before the murders. Reading this book one cannot help remembering Senator Howard Baker's famous Watergate question, "What did he know and when did he know it?" But the authors make no accusations and the book gives no answers. Indeed, they leave many unanswered questions.

The greatest mystery of all is why the Carter administration, with conclusive proof of Contreras's complicity in its hands, has acquiesced in the Chilean government's refusal to extradite him. The authors leave no doubt that Contreras acted as a direct agent of Pinochet in setting up Chile's murder incorporated. The United States could have brought considerably more pressure than it has in its efforts to bring Contreras to trial. The simple explanation is that geopolitics has triumphed over justice. The administration does not dare press Pinochet for fear he will fall. Despite the thousands of murders to his credit Pinochet has brought a good investment climate to Chile and he is clearly preferred in the Carter White House to the uncertainties that would follow his collapse. Such is standard *realpolitik*. But to condone an act of terrorism by a head of state a few blocks from the White House is incredibly shortsighted. In an age of terrorism, that is the wrong message for our government to be sending.

Richard J. Barnet

Richard J. Barnet is the author of *The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity*, published this spring by Simon and Schuster.

Mao: A Biography by Ross Terrill

(Harper & Row; $17.50)

Most biographers of Mao Zedong (1893-1976) have presented the Chinese communist leader as being fundamentally consistent throughout his tumultuous life. Ross Terrill, a respected scholar and prolific journalist, claims to see much more that is erratic in Mao. Terrill's vivid biography of the late chairman portrays a creature of dualities, starting with physical appearances ("Top half of the face suggested an intellectual: immense forehead, questing eyes, longish hair. Bottom half was that of a sensualist: plump lips, chubby nose, round and childlike chin."), and continuing with mental characteristics ("He was part tiger, he said of himself, and part monkey. The ruthless side and the quixotic side each took its turn.").

The "ruthless" tiger-like side of Mao is said to come from his father's harsh treatment of the young boy. Mao's hatred for his father is well known to Western writers ("The first capitalist I struggled against was my father," Mao told Edgar Snow), but Terrill is the first to make Mao's ambivalence toward his parent the key component of his personality. "Behind Zedong's expressed hatred of his father was an unacknowledged identification; he was driven to become an authoritarian like his father, and on a far grander scale." The revolutionary's "personal fire" and "will of granite," then, are attributed to Mao's father's personal influence. The father also may have inspired Mao Zedong's mixed feelings about intellectual endeavor. Terrill, who is something of a psychological reductionist, believes that a portion of the elder's narrow-mindedness about education may have rubbed off on the son: "Something in Mao wanted to scoff at book learning just as his father had done." Later, this predisposition to hate academic intellectuals was supposedly sharpened by Mao's own "twilight status" as a "semi-intellectual" at Peking University where he was snubbed by senior professors because he was admitted to study there only as an auditor.

The source of Mao's romantic side—his quixotic monkey-nature—is not explicitly identified, although there are suggestions that it may be Mao's mother, whom he physically resembled. Far more important an influence in this regard were the traditional Chinese novels that Mao read as a boy. Later in life, he often referred to the adventures of Monkey, hero of *Journey to the West*. That novel, as well as historical romances like *Tale of the Three Kingdoms* and *Water Margin*, "did more than anything else in Music Mountain to color Zedong's mental world." They, and his later travels, put him in touch "with the hills and walls of China"; and Terrill, who is also very much a cultural determinist, ultimately rates Mao's very "Chineseness" as the single most important strand of his character.

> In the end, Mao's qualities cannot be explained aside from the long-ripened qualities of Chinese civilization. Could the Congo produce a Mao? Could New Zealand? We cannot account for Mao's success merely by unwrapping him as an individual psychological package. That old China produced determined, rebellious, quizzical Mao is as true—and as full of consequence—as that Mao produced new China.

Mao's "Chineseness" is also used by Terrill to explain his success as a revolutionary leader. While other Marxists "often stumbled on the rock of nationalism," Mao's tenacious sense of nationalism prevented him from making that mistake. In the author's eyes, Mao's nationalism was even traditionalistic, leading him after 1958 "far toward Confucianism and away from European Marxism."

Some of these generalizations about Mao's personal and cultural background are easy to question. His supposed obsessive hatred for his father, for instance, is never reconciled with the reverence with which he recalled his parents' suffering when he visited their graves in 1959. His "semi-intellectual" status as a youth seems belied by such intellectual accomplishments as passing first on the examination list of Hunan province's prestigious First Middle School, or by his reputation as a brilliant newspaper editorialist while he was a history teacher in the model school run by the provincial normal college. His nativism, while certainly strong, was also tempered by an equally deep immersion in Western thought during

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drawing of Mao Zedong by David Schorr

his formative years; and Professor S. R. Schram is probably closer to the truth when he observes the way in which Mao consistently moved at various periods in his life from a vantage point within Chinese tradition to a position strongly influenced by Western ideas, and then finally back to an approach to revolution fundamentally based upon Chinese social realities. In contrast, Ross Terrill's facile typification of Mao as a post-Marxist Confucian seems, if not crudely caricatured, at least insensitive to the nuances, the profundities, and the complexities of Mao Zedong's political and philosophical thought.

It is also easy to criticize Terrill's breezy observations and sometimes desperately trendy style. "It was when Mao grasped the gun that he got his act together," we are told, and then shortly afterward assured that "China was the bottom line." Hu Shih, one of the national leaders of the May Fourth Movement of 1919, is anachronistically described as "a radical-chic professor," and the disastrous Autumn Harvest Uprising of 1927 is termed a "fallen soufflé." The Confucian *Analects*, Terrill writes, "were no doubt a great force for masturbation"; and then he later describes Mao's activities in Yan'an in these words: "Jiangxi had been mere masturbation, alongside this full intercourse with the radiant bride of China (at least a portion of her), in a well-protected place with no serious interruption." My favorite one of these efforts to describe the Chinese revolution in a second-rate Tom Wolfese is: "Mao and Zhu [De] might roll back Chiang [Kai-shek], but rolling back 28B was another glass of *maotai*." Indeed. "28B," incidentally, is Terrill's neologism for the contingent of Moscow-trained Chinese communists known as the "Twenty-Eight Returned Bolsheviks." Here and elsewhere, the author seems to be seeking to spare his readers the trouble of grappling with complicated phrases. He also often translates Chinese proper names into English equivalents ("Music Mountain" for Mao's birthplace of Shaoshan, or "South of the Lake" for the province of Hunan), as though his American audience could not be expected to tolerate too many foreign-sounding words (why not then "Blue Coast" for Côte d'Azur, or "Heath Mountain" for Heidelberg?).

But one should be prepared to overlook these shortcomings because Terrill ultimately does succeed in reaching the private man behind the public idol. His fine eye for detail brings the physical presence of Mao directly into the reader's view, so that we can observe the revolutionary leader developing over time. Here, for example, is Mao about the time of the founding of the Chinese Communist party in 1921.

> He often appeared unwashed and his manners could be rough. 'You could scrape away a pound of dirt or more from his neck and body,' one colleague reckoned. In a restaurant he would wipe spilled food and wine off the table with the sleeve of his jacket. He would wear shoes without socks, or with socks hanging down over the shoes (a recurring feature of his dress over many decades).

Later, when the tiger of the revolution is fighting in the Jiangxi mountains, Terrill shows us a more tender side of Mao, as he falls in love with and marries an 18-year-old high school girl named He Zizhen. Their relationship was short-lived, however, because of her physical and mental frailty during the Long March of 1934-35 when Mao led the Red Army west and then north across 24 rivers and 18 mountain ranges to establish a revolutionary base in Shaanxi province. The Long March turned Mao away from his wife and made him an explorer and a great general; it "brought out his awkward genius."

> The truest images of Mao in 1935 are of the poet with eyes cast far; of the strategist poring over a map with a farmer's shrewdness and a general's vision; of a leader not being close to family or friends, who talks philosophically with his eager young bodyguard, or takes fifteen minutes to teach his secretary a few new Chinese characters.

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By the time the decimated Red Army reached Yan'an, Mao was 44 years old. According to Terrill, he began to see himself as the next ruler of China during this phase of his life; and, as "a touch of the prima donna came to Mao the man," an imperial self-image slowly took shape. Mao carried this image with him into Peking in 1949, and although it was only an adumbration during the first half-decade of communist rule, it began to take full form in the late 1950s.

One of Terrill's most important contributions is to point out the change that took place in Mao after 1956, when foreign visitors who had known him earlier thought him quite a different man, brooding and distant. By then the socialist transformation of the countryside had been accomplished; the land was collectivized. This was a great social accomplishment, but the country's political gains were not so evident. In fact, when Mao called for open and free discussions among intellectuals during the "Hundred Flowers" period in 1956-57, he and other party leaders were shocked by the intensity of criticism they received. Mao's disappointment, then, may have brought about this personal transformation, although Terrill also suggests that Mao had grown intolerant of the "complex organization needed to reform a society of 650 million people. He wanted to be able to see everything with his own eye, to stretch out his hand and feel the texture of the Chinese Revolution." This may have been the reason why Mao called for a Great Leap Forward in 1958—an effort at developing mass revolutionary will which Terrill compares to a religious movement based upon Mao's "dream of unclouded togetherness," and led by a ruler who is "a teacher writ large in that he draws the people together in a felt Oneness." Fusing doctrine and administration, Mao thus began to turn into a kind of cult leader whose caprices were to become revolutionary dogma. "Mao," in Terrill's words, "was out of his cage." His monkey nature had finally emerged.

Within five years, Terrill argues, Mao had "cut loose from the tenets of Marxism." Partly because of his struggle with Marshal Peng Dehuai at the Lushan Plenum in 1959 when Mao was criticized for the excesses of the Great Leap Forward, Mao began to abandon conventional Marxism, which drew class lines according to economic background, and instead adopted a doctrinaire definition of class struggle which identified opposing factions with class enemies, who in turn were defined in terms of their political attitudes rather then their economic interests. At the same time he identified these "bourgeois elements" within the Chinese Communist party with Stalin's successors in the USSR, regarding both as "revisionists" opposed to a genuine revolutionary like himself. According to Terrill, this "perverse edifice of ideology" was "religion, not politics." By 1966, when the Cultural Revolution broke out, Mao had evolved "from Marxist to monkey king"; and the "bland label [of chairman] hid the frightful misfit of a demigod at the head of the committee table."

Terrill is not kind to Chairman Mao when he describes the dictator's last five years of life. After the Lin Biao crisis of 1971, when one third of the party's top leadership was purged, the "stench of intrigue and suspicion and doubt had come to stay in the corridors of Mao's Peking." At best, Mao was a "neo-emperor" on a "tottering throne." At worst, he was an "amoral gambler using doctrine mainly as a rapier of power." Mostly he appeared to foreigners—who were the only people he saw in public—as "a soul begging, clinging to its last moments." Terrill describes Mao's meeting with David and Julie Nixon Eisenhower: "As the last minutes of 1975 ticked by Mao was sunk in an armchair of his outer study. The skin of his face resembled wax more than living tissue. The eyes looked vacant. Frail as Dresden China, he seemed almost as lifeless." By the time of the chairman's death in September 1976, "few Chinese felt affection for Mao that was strong enough to move them to tears."

Despite these somber finishing touches to his portrait of Mao Zedong, Terrill does not question his subject's overall greatness. He describes Mao as being one of the half-dozen most consequential rulers in the three millennia of China's political history, and a giant among 20th-century leaders, matched only by Franklin Roosevelt, Lenin, and perhaps Churchill. However, the tragedy of his last years was that he "never quite managed to modulate the pristine revolutionary values of the past into modes of operation for the post-victory years." Though Terrill may have underestimated Mao Zedong's accomplishments after 1956, I suspect that many Chinese privately share this deprecation. As one high-ranking Communist party member told me last year, "We should have done to Chairman Mao what the English voters did to Winston Churchill after he won the war. But our systems of government aren't quite the same."

Frederic Wakeman Jr.

Frederic Wakeman Jr. is professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley. He will be a visiting scholar at Peking University next year. His books include *History and Will: Philosophical Perspectives of Mao Tse-tung's Thought* (University of California Press).

China Men
by Maxine Hong Kingston
(Knopf; $10.95)

"You must not tell anyone," Maxine Hong Kingston's first book began, "what I am about to tell you." (Can you think of a better opening for a story?) What was about to be told—the whole point of *The Woman Warrior*—was the pain and the dreamlike mystery of life as a Chinese woman. Back in China, the author's mother was troubled by a hairy, burdensome Sitting Ghost perched on her chest. Here in America, the girls of the family break six jade bracelets playing baseball, but the world continues to seem magical and fragmentary, oddly lacking in causality.

China Men is not a sequel to *The Woman Warrior* but a companion piece, an amplification. It revolves, again, around the author's family, who operated a laundry in Stockton, California. Both parents were born in China, and their first two children died there. Six others, born later in the US, are Americanized on the surface—casual, impatient, disconcertingly direct—but beneath the surface, haunted by a sense of being different.

The Woman Warrior described the

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experience of living as Chinese, as a woman, and as a Chinese woman. *China Men* describes the experience of living as Chinese and as a human being—one who is baffled by the rest of the world, slightly separate from it, sometimes victimized by it. Over and over, Maxine Hong Kingston's ancestors ventured forth from their homeland. Riding on promises from tricksters and exploiters, they sought streets with nuggets and rivers floating with gold dust—or, at the very least, free passage, free housing, a six-dollar advance, and an "instant raise."

The conditions the ancestors put up with were so abysmal that it's torture even to read about them. They lived in squalor, battling filth and disease and malnutrition, dodging cruel overseers and lynch mobs, chipping at granite rocks, inch by inch, or hacking away at mosquito-infested jungles. Steadfast and enduring, if not uncomplaining, these men slaved for years, collected a shockingly small amount of money, and set sail for home. If the Chinese woman was unwelcome from birth on, she was at least secure in her domestic prison. The Chinese man lived in constant hardship and peril. He was lucky to return alive.

It becomes apparent fairly early in *China Men* that this is a less particularized account than *The Woman Warrior*. The ancestors stand for many other ancestors, for the entire history of Chinese emigration. They farmed cane in Hawaii, built the Central Pacific Railroad across the Sierras ("Only Americans could have done it," officials announced at its completion), or mined gold in Alaska. The author's father entered this country either as a stowaway or as a legal immigrant; both versions are recounted in full, as if they really happened. And there's a chapter on America's Chinese immigration laws from 1869, when this was declared to be a land of "Nordic fiber," through 1978, when at long last the quota system ceased to work specifically against Asians.

But inevitably, the particular triumphs over the general. China, to Maxine Hong Kingston, is "a country I made up." Equally, she makes up her history, her family mythology, coloring it with an artist's eye. Both of her books are nonfiction (*The Woman Warrior* was named by the National Book Critics Circle as the best work of nonfiction for 1976), but in a deeper sense, they are fiction at its best—novels, fairytales, epic poems. While the father of the family, preparing to be tested by American immigration authorities, may have had to memorize "another man's life, a consistent life, an American life," his daughter has to memorize a Chinese life. Neither memory, of course, is entirely accurate. Both are creative—sad for the memorizers, perhaps, but all the better for the reader.

A younger brother, teaching remedial reading to all-but-illiterate sailors on a US Navy ship, despairs at his students' stilted letters home. ("How are you? I am fine. I hope you are fine too.") But when it comes time for the brother to write his own parents, his narrow command of written Chinese restricts him to "How are you? I am fine. . . ." When family members kill moths in the evening, they shout "Hit-lah!" and Maxine Hong Kingston does not at first realize that no one else in the world refers to moths as Hitlers. ("Chinese-Americans," she asked in *The Woman Warrior*, "when you try to understand what things in you are Chinese, how do you separate what is peculiar to childhood, to poverty, insanities, one family, your mother who marked your growing with stories, from what is Chinese?") It's no wonder, in this confusion of cultures and generations, that the family places instant faith in anyone who speaks their dialect—whether it's a plantation recruiter in old China or an encyclopedia salesman in modern California.

What make the book more than nonfiction are its subtle shifts between the concrete and the mythical. Edges blur; the dividing line passes unnoticed. We accept one fact and then the next, and then suddenly we find ourselves believing in the fantastic. Is it true that when one of the brothers was born, a white Christmas card flew into the room like a dove? Well, possibly; there could be an explanation for that, but. . . . And did it really happen that an uncle lost all his money due to post-hypnotic suggestion—walked the streets in a trance, located a certain stranger in an unfamiliar room, and handed him the contents of his bank account? Does sandalwood grow in phoenix-shaped roots in the caves of lions; does it congeal in the Eastern Ocean as a cicada?

Some of the mythologies are accepted whole from storytelling relatives; others are newly invented by the author's quirky vision. On a train ride, when the mother points out a herd of sheep: "I was

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standing at the window, but did not see anything until she said 'Sheep,' and they appeared, white in the sun. I looked at her, and when I turned back, they were gone." When the father refuses to send money to his mother in communist China: "Maybe she was dead, and the Communists maintained a bureau of grandmother letter writers in order to get our money." Or, for genuine alchemy, here's the high school Shakespeare class that her brother teaches:

> In the one class that wasn't remedial, strange things happened to the literature. . . . *Romeo and Juliet* became a horror story about children his students' age whispering, tiptoeing, making love, and driven mad in the dark. They killed and were killed in dark streets and dark rooms. They married in the dark. Plague infested the country, and drugs poisoned instead of cured. Children were buried alive among their ancestors' bones, with which Juliet feared she would dash in her brains. She was locked in a tomb with her dead husband, a young suicide, and her cousin festering green.

The Woman Warrior was startling because of its freshness; it wasn't a book that called to mind any other. *China Men*, of course, lacks that advantage, but it's every bit as compelling as its predecessor. It's a history at once savage and beautiful, a combination of bone-grinding reality and luminous fantasy.

Anne Tyler

Anne Tyler's most recent novel is *Morgan's Passing* (Knopf).

Time of Desecration by Alberto Moravia translated by Angus Davidson

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $12.95)

The famous Italian historian Francesco Guicciardini described the period of the Borgia ascendancy during the 15th century in Italy as the "Years of Misfortune." It was a time of civil disorders, broken alliances, foreign invasions, and warfare between one region and another. Murder, sexual license, and corruption were also commonplace. The conditions of this period sound much like those of contemporary Italy, at least during those moments when scandals and terrorism fill the daily papers.

Many fear that the violence of the last decade will spread, and Italian society faces continuing threats to its stability. The social struggles of earlier periods in the century seem comparatively easy to understand: peasants fought against landlords to improve their conditions and industrial workers formed unions to put an end to factory exploitation. Even the struggle between freedom and repression during the fascist years is more comprehensible than the chaos of today. Such films as Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900*, Ermanno Olmi's *The Tree of Wooden Clogs*, and Francesco Rosi's *Eboli* are popular in a nostalgic way because they present social conflict in human terms.

But what is to be made of the cross-purposes and confusions of Italian society today? Political parties, state-owned industries, landowners, labor unions, burgeoning cottage industries, the church, the Mafia, artists, and intellectuals are either at odds with one another or linked in unexpected alliances. Social stability is provided in part by government bureaucracy, but this same bureaucracy frustrates innovation and change. Italy today is a traffic jam of opposed ideologies and needs, and young people in particular find few opportunities for satisfying employment. The system is unresponsive, and therefore many have despaired of it. A number of young people have emigrated to other countries; many more have settled for peripheral occupations or remain unemployed. Seeking to destroy the system and start over again, quite a few have turned to violence and terrorism. They differ from earlier revolutionaries in their methods, however. Instead of adopting proletarian habits and identifying themselves with the working class, they remain within the system. Mostly of middle-class origin, they are employed on the fringe of the university world or have marginal white-collar jobs. These are the revolutionaries of present-day Italy. In the words of Arthur Bremer, the would-be assassin of Governor Wallace, "To be a rebel today, you have to keep a job, wear a suit and stay apolitical. THAT'S REBELLION!"

It is not easy to write about this period of Italian life. The lack of direction, the self-destructiveness, the confusions that beset almost every public act offer little that is structurally useful for a novelist. The loss of faith in institutions, whether the church or the Communist party, robs society of values. For this reason, most of the neorealist novelists of Italy either tend to retreat into the past when social forces were more clearly delineated, or write about the little dramas of domestic life. A few others, unable to apply traditional narrative methods to today's confusions, have experimented in presenting Italy in mythic or surreal terms.

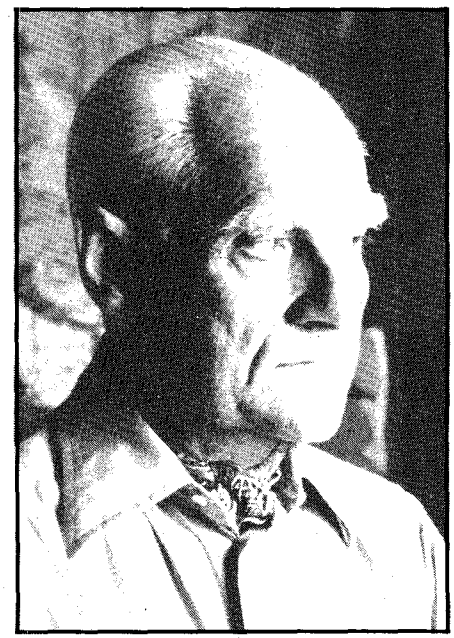

photo of Alberto Moravia by Jerry Bauer

Almost alone among established Italian novelists, Alberto Moravia has tried to adapt to present-day reality the techniques he has developed over decades of professional writing. His new novel, *Time of Desecration*, is an attempt to reveal the psychology of young people who are in rebellion and who are desperate enough to engage in anti-social activity. The Italian title, *Inner Life*, more accurately reflects Moravia's intention than the English title, for he is concerned with the private motivations of his characters and cares little about political slogans or the details of terrorist activities.

To tell his story, Moravia has chosen an upper-middle-class Roman schoolgirl with the symbolic name of Desideria.

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She lives in the fashionable Parioli district with her stepmother, Viola. One day Desideria discovers Viola in an act of sodomy with the family businessman, Tiberi, and a young governess, Chantal. Disgusted by the corruption of her household, Desideria decides to rebel against it—but not in the usual way. Like Joan of Arc, she hears a Voice that tells her what to do. The Voice has the authority of conscience and makes her act against hypocrisy and deceit. Desideria goes much further than most youthful rebels because she acts on her principles. Believing that her real mother was a working-class prostitute, she decides to become a prostitute herself in order to earn enough money to pay off Viola for the money she has spent bringing her up as a young *pariolina*. Wanting her own identity, she also wants to exploit the system because it has exploited human beings for so long. She decides to fight crime with crime by attacking the values of bourgeois society. She steals a gold compact in a Swiss hotel; she urinates in a fashionable church; she defecates on an important passage from the great Italian classic, *I promessi sposi*; she even tries to kill Viola by running her down with the car. She adopts what her Voice calls a program of "transgression and desecration" even though she doesn't know what the words mean. "Why should a young girl of fifteen know two such words?" she asks.

In the meantime, Desideria is under continual sexual attack by her lesbian stepmother, Viola, and by Tiberi, the businessman, who wants to sodomize her. Having become a sex object herself, when she finally finds a boy friend of her own, she introduces him to oral sex. She has discovered that the only satisfaction she can derive from their relationship is that of "having castrated him, if only provisionally" by what she does to him.

Moravia tells his story vividly by using the device of the tape-recorded interview, which allows Desideria to tell her own story with great explicitness. She reveals herself as one caught between two worlds, each of which is filled with deceit and cruelty. The values of the rich seem to be about the same as those of the young revolutionaries she meets and who also want to make love to her. She discovers that for the most part they are just playing at revolution while living comfortable middle-class lives. Sex is more important than politics, no matter what the social context. The first half of *Time of Desecration* is vivid, however shocking in what it reveals. But inevitably Desideria's adventures lead to complications and these make the book murky and repetitious. New characters come into her life and she becomes compromised by them just as she is by her stepmother. The hopes she had for revolution and change become corrupted and sidetracked. Falling in with a pair of *soi-disant* terrorists who want to kidnap Viola, Desideria has a "dream of a heroic community." But she soon comes to realize it is only a fantasy. What is real in bourgeois Italy is that revolution and eroticism are inextricably and contradictorily mingled. Each corrupts the other. Moravia explicitly defines decadence as a state in which the two are mixed together. The book ends with violence and murder, and Moravia has Desideria vanish from the novel, to remain only as a memory, like the outlines human figures left imprinted on the walls of Hiroshima when they were annihilated by the atom bomb.

Time of Desecration is an attempt to capture the inner psychology of Italy today—and by extension the Western world in general. As a piece of writing it is a *tour de force*. But Moravia's vision falters. At times, Desideria seems to be a moving and sympathetic character; at others, she becomes ridiculous in her various postures. Reality is often a mixture of the earnest and the comic—even the unintentionally comic—and Moravia is honest in recording it this way. At the same time, his book is not wholly convincing as a work of art since his characters act so entirely from ideology or impulse and so rarely from genuine feeling. The world is insane enough to appear comic, but it is also tragic, and this element is missing. In Italy, *Time of Desecration* was dismissed as being half chic, half pornographic, but that is unjust. It is a brave attempt to see life as it is during these new years of misfortune.

Frank MacShane

Frank MacShane teaches at Columbia University and is author of *The Life of Raymond Chandler* (Penguin).

Criminals and Victims: A Trial Judge Reflects on Crime and Punishment by Lois G. Forer

(Norton; $14.95)

George Orwell once wrote that the most tragic mistake made by the democratic left was its failure decisively to repudiate Soviet communism when its villainy became manifestly clear. A blunder of similar scope and with similarly damaging reverberations has been committed during the past 20 years by American liberals in the struggle against street crime. Liberals have become so addicted to anti-poverty rhetoric about underlying diseases and causes, about eliminating poverty instead of locking up criminals, that they have forgotten who suffers most from crime—the poor. By allowing themselves to become identified as "criminal coddlers," liberals have been steadily losing credibility with the poor, their natural constituency, as well as with practically everyone else. A black community group leader in Chicago's South Side summed up the situation deftly when he stated recently that the group's previous liberal rhetoric had to be abandoned because "we couldn't tell a welfare mother who just got her check and was then bopped on the head that we were looking at the underlying causes."

What is sad about the liberal blunder is that conservative rhetoric is just as spurious but is gaining currency because it speaks to our sense of outrage over escalating crime. One of the virtues of Lois G. Forer's thoughtful, balanced new book, *Criminals and Victims*, is that she at least tries to avoid both pitfalls: she manages to make a strong case for the neglected rights of victims without falling into the kind of chic right-wing thinking that would deny the rights of defendants.

She wastes no time pointing out, for example, that despite the attractiveness of such proposals as swift and mandatory sentences—not to mention the proposal advanced in Robert Reiff's new polemic, *The Invisible Victim*, that lawyers

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simply should not be allowed to cross-examine victims—these measures are inimical to due process. Nor do harsh measures necessarily deter crime: public hangings and mutilations were mandated in 18th-century England for hundreds of crimes, yet the streets were far more crime-ridden than ours are today. Yi-fu Tuan points out in his recent *Landscapes of Fear* that public executions and torturings were actually the *occasions* of spectacular, violent crimes.

As a trial judge, Lois Forer (author of *The Death of the Law*) has a distinct advantage in writing a book of this sort. Unlike sociologists and philosophers, judges are peculiarly aware of "the untidy, irrational lives of people who find their way into the courts," lives which are often at odds with symmetrical, logically ordered theories of justice. What emerges from Forer's view from the bench is a vision of a terrible illogic and randomness in life which comes to the surface in crime.

Forer's view of the irrationality of much crime is documented not only by numerous descriptions of seemingly senseless brutalities but by the testimonies of victims who are as bewildered as they are traumatized. I should say here that my agreement with this view is highly influenced by a recent experience of my own: several months ago two black men broke into my apartment in the middle of the night, grabbed knives from my kitchen, and burst into my bedroom, where they took my lover and me by surprise. They waved the knives in our faces, shrieked obscenities, and lectured us on the evils of poverty and racism as they sacked my apartment. After robbing us they tied us up, terrorized us for a good 30 minutes, and continued subjecting us to a harangue which sounded like a grotesque parody of my own civil rights rhetoric from the 1960s. What they were doing to us was our fault, the "oppressor's" fault, not theirs. The robbery itself took only a few minutes; the rest was a prolonged exercise in macho swagger which easily could have gotten them caught.

Coming:
William Gass on
Stanley Elkin.

Do harsh sentences imposed on their predecessors deter men like these from committing crimes? Judge Forer thinks not, and she claims that "any judge who has tried a number of criminal cases would agree." Her argument is based less on statistics (although she cites quite a few) than on her experience with criminals in her courtroom: "For a person to be deterred from committing a crime, he or she must act with reasonable prudence and foresight and calculate whether the crime is worth the risk." Most criminals who are tried in her court for crimes like robbery and rape "do not act in this fashion." The men who leaped in my window even after setting off a burglar alarm and who lingered after they'd done their business solely to inflict further torment certainly fall into this pattern; they were not exactly cool rational types. Nor are most criminals, says Forer.

But dangerous criminals must be locked up, sometimes permanently, not because prison will "deter" anyone else but because "for them, prison is the only appropriate penalty." For some, such as a man found guilty of hacking off a 15-year-old girl's hands, Forer advocates life imprisonment without possibility of parole—surely the least she could advocate. Yet, astonishingly, "at present there is no statute in any jurisdiction in the United States which authorizes life imprisonment" of such a criminal. No wonder conservatives are gaining ground.

The issue here is simply how to protect the public from lunatics. The answer, obviously, is to incapacitate them through prison. The issue of whether men who hack off hands or push people in front of subways are "morally blameworthy"—which frequently leads to them being found "not guilty" by reason of insanity and loosed again on the streets within a year—is profoundly irrelevant. "Reluctantly we must admit," writes Forer, "that we simply do not know how to treat violent, dangerous offenders so that they can be 'cured' of violence, unreason, and hostility."

But this skepticism does not lead Forer to advocate, as numerous conservatives do, that rehabilitation be scrapped altogether as a sentimental delusion and that the increasingly popular just-deserts model be eagerly embraced. In fact, she finds the deserts model—in which all criminals guilty of a given crime are automatically given the same harsh sentence, regardless of circumstances and motive—to be equally delusionary. This model not only goes against due process, it goes against reality: the reality is that crime, like much of life, *is* relative, situational, and (to use Forer's favorite word) "illogical." To pretend, with conservatives, that sentencing can be reduced to a syllogism is to be as naive as liberals who think vicious killers can be "cured" by rehabilitation.

Ironically, Forer also finds the eye-for-an-eye model inadequate because it fails to consider the harm done to the victim, in whose name it is often invoked. Indeed, the main argument of this provocative book is that all the usual alternatives—prison, probation, rehabilitation—fail to acknowledge that the criminal is responsible for his crime and therefore owes the victim a debt. The major proposal of *Criminals and Victims* is that criminals should *pay* for their crimes. By "pay," Forer doesn't just mean punishment, she means money: a robber who steals $500 owes that amount to the victim, and the law should impose an additional fine of up to three times that much. A system that holds its citizens responsible for their actions should make reparation its guiding principle rather than traditional notions of retribution or rehabilitation.

Since criminals often are not capable of compensating their victims (to say the least), Forer advocates that a demand to get a job (a subsidized one, if necessary) be part of the judge's sentence for non-dangerous offenders and that the offender be promptly jailed if repayments are not regularly made. In this way, criminals are forced to get into the habit of working for a living instead of serving a prison term which constitutes a graduate course in crime, being released as unemployable as before, and mugging somebody the first week they are out.

Judge Forer finds present victim compensation laws financed by capricious legislatures pathetically inadequate, not only because they pay the victim a meager amount but because they do not in any way affect the criminal. With Forer's method the criminal is not isolated from his actions but is made directly responsible for them; he is made responsible not to a fuzzy notion of justice and the public good but to his victim.

I must say that given the total irresponsibility for their actions sneeringly proclaimed by the men who robbed me, I find Judge Forer's proposal to be very attractive in principle.

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Nevertheless, there are numerous problems with it. For one thing, as Forer admits, no amount of reparation can erase the emotional suffering caused by crime. The horrible sense of degradation and humiliation, the morbid conviction it will all soon happen again, the strange shame and guilt later replaced by implacable bitterness and rage, the profound sense that the world is no longer a safe place—none of these has anything to do with money or getting it back. Also, given the truly sinister, ugly portraits Judge Forer paints of numerous offenders in her courtroom, one wonders whether many of them should be let out of jail for any reason, job or no job, even though she claims that relatively few offenders are physically dangerous. Despite the soundness of the principle, the idea of the men who robbed me being asked to get a job and pay me back seems more than a little laughable: given their favorite line of work, it's not difficult to imagine how they'd come up with the money.

Another obvious problem is what happens to victims of criminals who *are* judged to be dangerous. Here, Forer advances a creative and persuasive argument: these victims could be compensated through a fund composed of returned money plus large fines paid by convicted white-collar criminals—a handsome sum indeed, one would suspect, given the countless millions of dollars stolen and embezzled each year.

Criminals and Victims has such a consistently unpolemical tone of reasonableness that despite the unanswered questions it raises, the reader goes away convinced that Judge Forer's proposals for building real accountability into the system are worthy of urgent consideration. One wants to believe her when she states that she has tried the method with some success in her own courtroom.

She has other proposals too, most of which establish her basic credentials as a liberal. She advocates strict gun control, for example, as well as attacks on unemployment and illiteracy. But as with her recommendations on reparations, she reveals herself to be relatively concrete and tough-minded in her liberalism. She doesn't claim that education will "rehabilitate" the street hoodlums she sends to prison, but she does make them attend school and obtain a high school equivalency diploma as a precondition for release. She even has prisoners write her to demonstrate their new skills. (One of these letters is reproduced in the book. She regards it as artfully persuasive; I found it chillingly devious.) The skeptical reader may wonder what the difference is between being mugged by a hoodlum who is illiterate and one who has impeccable grammar, but Forer is convinced that unless young, uneducated offenders are at least taught to be functionally literate and employable, the entire criminal justice system is "engaged in a futile exercise." Throughout *Criminals and Victims* the emphasis is not on "solving" anything but on concrete measures that may work for criminals who are not yet hopelessly addicted to crime.

Since this book is so thoughtful and so free of ideological bombast, I'm sorry to report that it is not very exciting to read. Although the writing is always clear, it is also choppy and mechanical, enlivened only by its anecdotal material. The best-written recent book on crime continues to be *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice*, a work of real power and eloquence by Charles Silberman who, like Lois Forer, manages to be humane while convincing us that he knows a crook when he sees one.

Jack Sullivan

Jack Sullivan is the author of *Elegant Nightmares* (Ohio University Press). He teaches English and Humanities at New York University.

A Gentle Occupation by Dirk Bogarde

(Knopf; $10.95)

Dirk Bogarde has written a novel as tart, civilized, and laced with ambiguous sexual cues as his film performances. The pity is that it is apt to be condescended to because it is a first novel, it deals with a military situation, and it was written by an actor. That it is not "important" is also against it; you won't be in danger of falling behind the pace of literary chit-chat if you pass this one by. All you'll miss is pleasure, which has no intellectual prestige.

A Gentle Occupation, Dirk Bogarde tells us in his preface, is based on "one real fact": "In 1945, weeks after the official end of the War, some units of the British and Indian armies, counting the days to repatriation, found themselves involved in trying to 'hold the ring' in the crumbling Dutch Empire in South East Asia, and suffered heavy casualties . . ." in a confounding struggle against local communist guerrillas, who seized the opportunity of the Japanese defeat and the Dutch recessional to try to win control of the islands. The mission of the British, young Bogarde among them, was to protect the Dutch civilians, who had just emerged from Japanese prison camps only to be confronted with the new menace of anti-colonial terrorism.

This "appalling mess" is the background to a story of love and loyalty. The focus is on the relationships between the British officers and the Dutch women, whose men had disappeared in the Japanese camps. The novel unfolds in an unnamed city on what is identified only as The Island, of which the guerrillas control the hinterland. It is not a war novel. Still, the soldiers have enough trouble on their hands to make the title a touch ironic.

Bogarde's characters are by turns raffish and noble, credible and entertaining. Handsome young Captain Rooke, our guide through the intrigues of the novel, could easily have been a stick of virtue or a mere reflection of the other characters. Instead he is vain and scheming: terrified at the prospect of combat, he grants a fellow officer a sexual favor to win a safe job as the general's aid. The randy officer, Major Nettles, might in cruder hands have been the type of the cynical pederast, but Bogarde makes him appealing by showing that his cynicism masks loyalty to his regiment and his chief, the inspiredly named General Cutts. No doubt people like him exist in nature, but they abound in the movies, notably in the military parts of Harry Andrews. At first Cutts seems like an unmitigated martinet as he blusters at Rooke, and like a fool as he throws himself at a Belgian madam among whose sins may be collaboration with the enemy. This transparently villainous woman is preposterous, and her name, Dora Foto, does not make her

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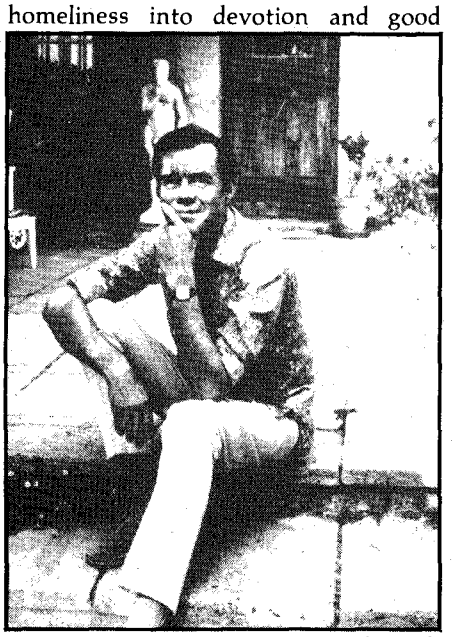
more believable. But we hold this against Bogarde, not Cutts. The general wins us over by his very credulity; with his men, it makes us want to protect him.

Grouped around these three are a rank of minor characters, all rendered with open affection. They include an English nurse who transmutes her homeliness into devotion and good



Dirk Bogarde

cheer, a Eurasian beauty who falls in love with Rooke but is willing to give him up for the good of his career, a stoical major who treats his Indian troops brutally and receives an unspeakable comeuppance, and an Indian manservant who combines a taste for young boys with Bible-besotted fundamentalism. We recognize their types immediately from Dickens and Kipling and the British war movies, but Bogarde throws in a touch or two of individuality, augmenting the pleasure of familiarity with that of surprise. The effect is of meeting a childhood friend who has lost his hair.

Throughout, the balance between romance and intrigue is nicely maintained, and any time the drama starts to run down the guerrillas obligingly lob a shell into the city. But the great evil in a novel like this is not war, but parting, the moment when the troops must leave. This moment could be mawkish but Bogarde makes it moving. Indeed he does so many of the main things well that we don't mind his lapses of technique and his obvious effects. Above all he makes us care about his characters, not by displays of sensibility, not by making them charmers, but by showing them caring for one another.

Jack Beatty

Brief Review

Off the Wall: Robert Rauschenberg and the Art World of Our Time by Calvin Tomkins

(Doubleday; $15.95)

The central theme of *Off the Wall* is the generation gap between the Abstract Expressionists and the Pop artists epitomized by Robert Rauschenberg. This was as much a battle of sensibilities as of styles, and in this respect Tomkins's *New Yorker*-style emphasis on biography is appropriate. The Abstract Expressionists remembered what it was like to be poor; many of them died before their prices took off into the stratosphere. They were heterosexual; they liked to congregate in bars; they would get drunk and, occasionally, brawl. Most important, they had all gone through long and arduous apprenticeships before coming to the styles that made them famous. The painting of the Abstract Expressionists was an attack on bourgeois artistic values, even the values of those who had accepted Picasso and Matisse. Pop Art looked like a sell-out to those hated bourgeois values.

It wasn't as if some of the Pop artists didn't suffer too. When Rauschenberg and Johns did the work that made them notorious, they were living in two pre-SoHo lofts in a building without hot water; Rauschenberg, visiting friends, would surreptitiously wash in their bathrooms. Success nonetheless came relatively early, and it came fast. Their art poked fun at the agonies of abstractionism. It all seemed too easy, like a joke. The Pop artists' prevalent homosexuality didn't help them live up to the Abstract Expressionists' macho image, either. Tomkins does his best, going into the history of Black Mountain College and the theories of John Cage, to provide an intellectual heritage for Rauschenberg, a sense that the Pop artists *did* have their own rigorous artistic discipline, different from but equivalent to that of the Abstract Expressionists. But it's not convincing. The theories mostly justify not the art but the happenings that Rauschenberg staged after breaking with Merce Cunningham, for whom he had designed sets. The happenings sound as frivolous as the paintings were accused of being.

In the face of the art itself, however, none of this counts. The work of Rauschenberg, Johns, Warhol, Lichtenstein, and Rosenquist today looks convincingly like great painting. The problem with *Off the Wall* is that Tomkins, despite his competent summaries of other critics' analyses (there is a lot of recycled Leo Steinberg), has no particular insights of his own to back up his claim that Pop Art is worth discussing, much less looking at. Rauschenberg's life is explored at great length, but it is a life of interest, really, mostly because of its relation to the art that came out of it; and in the absence of serious insight into the work, the details of the life do not seem that important.

A very small group of people—Betty Parsons, Leo Castelli, Ileana Sonnabend, Ivan Karp, and a few others—discovered and promoted the Pop artists. Tomkins's anecdotes about these people are revealing enough to make one wish that he had devoted the book to exploring their activities and influence. Until enough time goes by to provide a true critical perspective, probably the most illuminating thing that could be written about the period would be a history of these tastemakers. And Calvin Tomkins, whose style is a continual pleasure and who certainly seems to know them well, would be the ideal Vasari of the dealers.

Pepe Karmel

Pepe Karmel is a New York writer.

Correspondence, *from page 3*

to skew the result. The ruse worked, up to a point: though many observers doubted the poll's findings, some money kept coming in, and the candidate stayed afloat. Who knows? If there'd been a blackout and a riot to make him a hero, he might have won!

André Mayer
Boston, Massachusetts

Fourth-grade arithmetic

To the editors:
I have read the article "Selling Out the Oil Reserve" (*TNR*, May 3). Without addressing the main point of the article I do suggest that it might have been well to have a fourth grader check the author's arithmetic.

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In the third paragraph he says, ". . . emergency stockpile, which currently contains only 92 million barrels, or about six days' worth at normal consumption rates." Later in the same paragraph he says, ". . . up to the reserve's capacity of 258 million barrels (about a month's supply)." If 92 million barrels is six days' supply a month's supply would be about 460 million barrels. On the other hand, if 258 million barrels is a month's supply then 92 million barrels would be close to 11 days' supply. His figures simply don't mesh.

Further, in the following paragraph the author says, ". . . one billion barrels, or a six month supply." If a one month supply is 258 million barrels a six month supply would be over one and half billion barrels.

Charles A. Brown
Vero Beach, Florida

Morton Kondracke replies:
92 million barrels is about 12 days' supply. Thanks and sorry.

Unsure of Saussure

To the editors:
Denis Donoghue, in his review of *Structuralism and Since: From Lévi-Strauss to Derrida*, appears to be in error about the date of Ferdinand de Saussure's *Cours de linguistique général*. These notes from his students were collated, edited, and published in 1915. The first published translation into English appeared in 1959.

Anthony Martin
Nashville, Tennessee

Open the door

To the editors:
Your editorial on the Cubans ("A Half-Opened Door," *TNR*, May 24) sets a perceptive moral tone. I am crushed by influential figures like TRB when they find reasons of state not to rescue these terribly abused people. We also found reasons to ignore the Jews in the 1930s when they were being made the social victims of another totalitarian military machine. Those who call this phenomenon merely another historical migration of people away from bad living conditions have failed, in my opinion, to identify the more pertinent and pressing phenomenon of totalitarian refugee-creation as a deliberate instrument of policy. To call this a refugee problem *simpliciter* is to misperceive the character of this latest development in Castro's military campaigns.

In this context Vernon Jordan's near-death by terrorist attack almost deprived us of a preeminent black leader who is known for his stand against terrorist tactics of every sort. Meanwhile the passions of racists and totalitarian socialists feed off one another and do us no favors. Carter's charade in all this is to pretend that his fight is with independent American rescue operations and with illegal refugees (what an ignoble concept). Poor Carter. I am afraid that Castro and Khomeini have him totally outclassed. It is small consolation to reflect that neither Castro nor Hanoi nor Khomeini have dreamed up their policies by themselves.

David Keeler
Palo Alto, California

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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Washington Diarist

Sticks and Stones

It's hard to believe Jimmy Carter's assertion that he didn't really notice the jeers, bottles, upright middle fingers, and other signs of discontent that greeted his motorcade as it threaded its way through Liberty City, Miami's depressed black *barrio*. But I do understand why he'd try to avert his eyes. The black community's anger is grim tidings for a candidacy built on the assumption that Andy Young's endorsement is equivalent to several million black votes on election day. The Carter people are now consoling themselves with the some callous rhetorical question that for decades has persuaded Democrats to take American Negroes for granted. Where else can they go? Not to Reagan, certainly. And probably not to Anderson either, though this is due to no fault of his own. The odds are that they won't go anywhere. Nevertheless, a drop-off in the guaranteed Democratic margins blacks ordinarily provide is a disaster for Carter, who won't be able to carry the big industrial states without them—and maybe not critical southern states either. Jimmy Carter has amply earned that disaster, with his transparent tactics of courting the minorities by inserting a few visible middle-class blacks (and Hispanics, too) into the status and comforts of the federal bureaucracy, while virtually ignoring the agony of millions without jobs. The black leadership is partly responsible for this neglect of its constituency by so weak a presidency. Black leaders made themselves easy to get in 1976 and again in 1980. Most black mayors were in the Carter camp when Ted Kennedy still seemed to have a chance; so was the King dynasty. The Reverend Ralph Abernathy now howls that his people have been betrayed. By whom? By their leaders, a motley lot, mostly headline grabbers, Abernathy included, who should have been building liberal alliances at home instead of trying to win pathetic Pyrrhic victories of world attention by consorting with Yasser Arafat in Beirut.

I don't know yet whether John Anderson will be my candidate for president, but I do know who is my candidate for Anderson's vice-presidential running mate. He is Ed Koch, the mayor of New York and among the wisest and gutsiest people in public life I have met. A veteran of the Democratic reform movement in the city and in Congress, he has now won the enmity of the *Village Voice*. This still leaves Koch a favorable rating of something like 75 percent. A few labor chieftains are at war with him because he will not offer public employees delayed and disguised compensation to make up for what the city can't give them in present pay. Some members of the minority leadership have taken to calling Koch a racist every time he resists their degraded vernacular of exaggerated demands and implausible threats. Koch has rebuilt the coalition of unionized industrialized workers and the entrepreneurial middle class which used to form the basis of the Democratic party in New York. But the party has been in decline for years, and elements of the coalition have defected to the Republicans, so Koch is taking a leaf out of Fiorello LaGuardia's book and trying "fusion" in municipal politics. That heresy leaves the Democratic regulars—some of whom used to be and still call themselves reformers—out in the cold, alone with their party loyalty. Pretty much as John Anderson has left Carter and Reagan with their old party standards—something decent folk might repair to out of habit, but not with conviction or enthusiasm. What Koch, with his practical liberalism, would add to an Anderson ticket, already strong in small towns and suburbs, is an urban credibility. Koch has endorsed Carter, true, but I suspect only because he could think of no compelling reason to endorse Kennedy. Lately Koch has been saying that Reagan is likely to carry New York. If he'll carry New York, he'll carry the country. Carter is not a lost cause it's an honor to go down with. And there is the Anderson alternative, maybe for Koch, maybe for us.

A Nobel prize scientist, the inevitable Ivy League chaplain, one stern Quaker lady preaching love, an angry and tousled left-wing Jewish lawyer—had such a predictable cohort joined in violating the law in the late 1960s, one Ramsey Clark as attorney general might have had them indicted on conspiracy charges. One person thinking dissident thoughts alone is a heretic. Two or more talking dissident thoughts together, to the Justice Department in those days, became a conspiracy: Dr. Spock and Marcus Raskin, for example. Now of course it is Ramsey Clark who is being threatened with $50,000 and 10 years. Doubtless more sensible heads will prevail in the Justice Department, as they didn't when Clark ran it. I don't know which Clark is the sillier: the Lyndon Johnson top lawman or the latter-day penitent for all the sins of commission, omission, and inadvertence the US has ever sinned against anybody. Clark's burden is a heavy one, since he seems to trace most of the world's ills to the US. But it's no wonder the Iranians wouldn't accept his offer to substitute himself for the 53 hostages. What would anybody trade for him? Probably not a dying shah, and certainly not the shah's money. The Iranians are not stupid. They thought that someone so stupid as to think them that stupid must be from the CIA. Oh, Clark's cruel fate to be thought to be a company man.

"All the news that's fit to print." You know where that comes from. Our editorial last week ("The Europeans and the PLO," *TNR*, June 7) reported a resolution of Al Fatah reaffirming its aim as "complete liberation of Palestine, the liquidation of the Zionist entity politically, militarily, culturally and ideologically." For reasons unknown the *New York Times* did not publish any dispatches from the 110-day Al Fatah conference in Damascus. The first word *Times* readers had of this resolution came in an article from Beirut several days later with the tantalizing headline, "PLO Softens Stand Outlined on Sunday." Maybe good news fits better than bad. The sub-head added, "Al Fatah's call for destruction of Israel was 'misunderstood' a spokesman contends." A call for destruction is a call for destruction, it seems to me, and not something subject to more genial interpretations. But maybe I've got an ax to grind on this issue. So I searched the article for something that justified the headline. The contradiction between the two accounts, Nicholas Gage wrote, "is seen as an attempt to play to two audiences, one the Arab world and Al Fatah's fighters, and the other the Europeans, whose support the PLO needs to gain a place in the Middle East negotiations." Nothing, as it turned out, justified the headline. What was happening was another episode in the PLO's continuing effort to get the West not to see its true intentions with regard to Israel. And there are many—quite predictably Ramsey Clark and George Wald among them, and doubtless the Quaker lady and the radical Jewish lawyer from Los Angeles as well—all too willing to have their vision of reality distorted, as in Iran, by the ideology of the enraged.

M.P.

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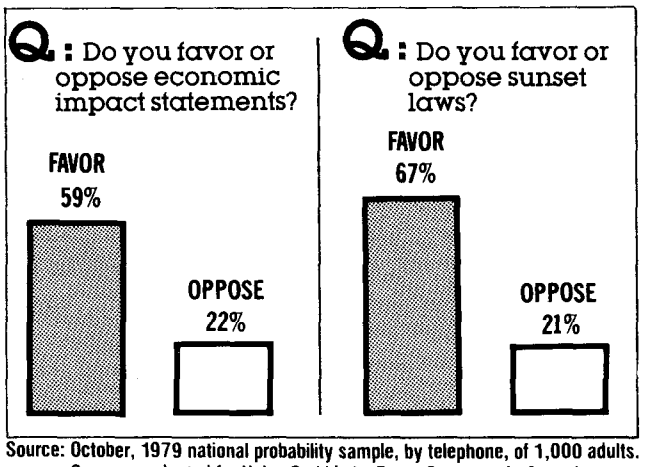
New survey reveals . . .

Americans support measures to bring government regulation under control.

In a new public attitude survey conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Americans support economic impact statements to help assess the costs and benefits of government actions. And since they believe government continues some programs which are no longer useful, Americans also support the concept of "sunset laws" to cut outmoded or inefficient programs.



Source: October, 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Survey conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates.

This is not to suggest that Americans have abandoned all desire for government regulation. To the contrary, the survey shows strong support for regulations to improve the environment and reduce health risks, and for *environmental* impact statements as well as economic. So Americans are clearly looking for a balance between economic and environmental goals.

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